JOHN BULL

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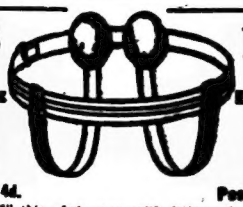

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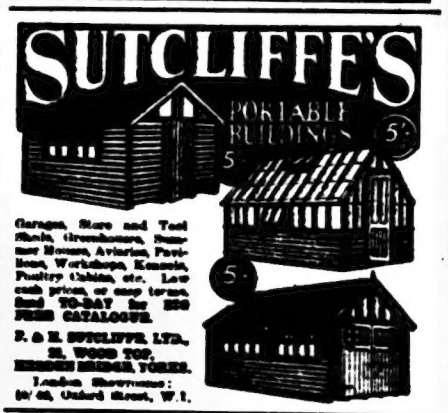

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Turn to the Special Club Announcements on Page 33

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JOHN

THURSDAY, for
SATURDAY, SEPTE
93, LONG ACRE, L
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THE British people have
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Months ago the Pri
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spoke, not in pride or rejoici
out exaggeration.

That might, the armed
empire the world has know
almost incredible proportion
made since the Spring.

The Great Change

But this country's fightin
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Berlin Realised . . .

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight From the Shoulder

Strength Plus Coolness

THE British people have been stronger and calmer in the last ten days than ever before in history.

Months ago the Prime Minister spoke of the "almost terrifying might" of the British Empire. He spoke, not in pride or rejoicing, but soberly and without exaggeration.

That might, the armed power of the greatest empire the world has known, has been increased to almost incredible proportions by the intensive efforts made since the Spring.

The Great Change

But this country's fighting forces and civil defences are not the only measure of its strength. Britain was strong because its people were calm.

There was none of the excitement and restless fervour which were so much in evidence in the early August of 1914.

There was none of the incredulous horror which so many people felt in the gloomy days of last September.

Tired of Threats

The nation did not want war. But it was resolved that the constant threat of war must be banished.

And, suddenly, Berlin realised that we were in earnest.

There followed the sensational moves of the week-end.

Hitler sent for the British Ambassador, instead of the Ambassador having to seek an audience with Hitler!

Became Worried

It was Hitler's mood which impressed the Ambassador, and soon was impressing Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay.

The day before he had been hysterical, enraged, deaf to argument. He had used his already famous phrase about "My patience is exhausted."

But by Saturday afternoon he had become a very worried man. He spoke quietly, earnestly, gravely.

Door Left Open

It was obvious that, though he sought to convey an appearance of determination and unwavering calm, he was anxious to avoid war—a war which many high German officers had told him he could not possibly win.

Though the proposals in his plan were unacceptable, as they stood, either to Poland or the Western democracies, it was equally plain that they were intended to leave open the door to further bargaining.

Like 1914

On the following day, Sunday, when the British Cabinet decided on its answer and the French Premier conferred with his war chiefs, news reached London by secret sources that the Fuehrer was still desperately anxious to extricate himself from the position into which his policy had led him.

Just as, in 1914, the ex-Kaiser had sought a way out. . . .

Von Ribbentrop's Role

And it was that sudden change of Hitler's mood on Saturday which was responsible for all the sensational and fast-moving events of the next few days.

Von Ribbentrop himself was largely responsible for persuading his chief to seek a last-minute face-saver.

He had already had to scrap his policy of fanatical enmity towards Russia, to fly to Moscow, to sign a treaty of friendship with Stalin. Now he had to admit to Hitler that all his information pointed to the fact that—Britain meant what she said!

Berlin Realised . . .

He had to admit that Lord Halifax spoke for the whole public when he declared:

"We have built up a society of values which are

The calm displayed by the waiting crowds of Downing Street reflects the mood of all Britain

accepted not only in this country but over vast areas of the world.

"If we stand by and see these values set at naught, the security of all those things upon which life itself depends seems to my judgment to be undermined."

Moreover, Berlin realised that the whole British people were united in a resolve either to resist force by force—should that prove necessary—or to take bold and courageous steps towards a new and more settled peace.

Answering the Call

The calling-off of the rail strike was a notable example of that determination to stand firm behind the country's leaders.

The executive of the loco men's union deserve our congratulations for their prompt decision to suspend their legitimate claims.

In the same way, no praise can be too high for the way in which civilian volunteers—from schoolteachers to air wardens—answered the call of National Defence.

Democracy Moves

Again, too little notice has been paid to the rapidity and unanimity with which the Emergency Powers (Defence) Act was passed into law when Parliament reassembled last week.

Granted that the feeling of the House was one of exceptional gravity. But for so sweeping a law—giving the Government power to regulate every phase of the nation's activities—to be passed through in a few hours is a feat which proves that "the cumbrous machinery of democracy" can outmatch the rush tactics of the dictators themselves.

We Shall Not Fail

Their purpose cannot be stated too often. It is, in the Prime Minister's words, our determination to resist methods of force and our determination to pursue the constructive work of building peace.

WE shall not fail.

Duties to Public

But, even while engaged on this all-important task, there are smaller duties which the Government owe to the public.

We must see that the profiteering which is enriching a handful of people is at last brought to an end. Vested interests must be allowed no licence if the nation's duty is to be preserved.

Moreover, wealth must be put at the disposal of the Government, and methods found to draw on the private capital which has been sent abroad.

We Believe . . .

We believe these things will be done. And we are convinced that, by remaining calmly resolute, Britain will be able to safeguard the peace and economic reconstruction which the decent people of every country so earnestly desire.

Door is Open

We must not shut the door to any chance of achieving a just peace.

But we must not budge from our solemn and honourable commitments.

We must not, in our desire for an end to the appalling situation in which we have been plunged, accept any terms which would merely postpone the fair and lasting settlement which is equally desired by all the peoples of Europe.

For the World's Good

The British nation, ranked solidly behind its leaders, will give its utmost support to any effort to bring about such a settlement.

It is prepared to make sacrifices which a few years ago would have seemed incredible; for it is resolved that the intolerable grievances and difficulties of the last few years must be ended for good—for everyone's good.

In the End . . .

We can, therefore, face the future with hope. We shall certainly face it with courage and determination that neither difficulties nor fear will weaken us.

And the outcome—given that same goodwill on both sides—will bring to the peoples of the world a new and juster Peace.

Even Homer Nodded

"John Bull" doesn't hesitate to say when it's caught napping. And we were caught a fortnight ago.

A well-meaning reader sent us a report from a local paper of a supposed police court case at Bexhill, in which a child was charged with paddling without a ticket.

Unfortunately, our reader had cut off from the report a heading which made it plain that the whole affair was just a joke. Unfortunately, too, our Bexhill correspondent was away, and was thus unable to answer our enquiries.

So we must express regret to the Mayor, civic officials and residents of Bexhill—and to all our readers—for the comments which we published on August 19.

Here are the answers to the questions you have all been asking:

PAGE

EVACUATION RIDDLES ... 7

MAGINOT *versus* SIEGFRIED 9

A. G. GARDNER on the CRISIS 13

BRITAIN'S MOSQUITO NAVY 17

TEN MILLION MARCHING MEN 20

Secrets OF ONE FATEFUL WEEK

- *Axis Was Wobbly*
- *German Train Chaos*
- *Japan Loops the Loop*
- *Moscow Doesn't Know*

NOT one decision has been taken by Britain and France in the past ten days without mutual agreement. The two countries have, for the purposes of the Crisis, had one common Government.

* * *

On the other hand, the Axis Powers were pulling against each other.

All Mussolini's phone conversations to Hitler were devoted to eloquent pleas for Germany to stop short of the final step.

* * *

Arguments in the British Cabinet during its recent deliberations are expected to lead to at least one resignation.

* * *

We told you some time ago and we tell you again—Hitler is not a fit man, "Sprained ankle" stories are camouflage for a painful but not serious internal complaint.

IT was not a diplomatic reason which caused Von Brauchitsch, German C.-in-C., to abandon his address to the army at the peak of the crisis.

He was in despair because the final mobilisation plans went so awry that, for effective purposes, nearly half-a-million combatants were lost for 48 hours.

At scores of German railway junctions there were mile-long lines of military trains halted for a day and a night while Staff officers tried to clear up the chaos.

* * *

Hitler, before opening up last week-end's talks with Britain, ordered three of Goebbels' first lieutenants to be transferred to front-line regiments.

They were guilty of deliberately withholding from him the Marquess of Crewe's statement that this country had become more united than it was in the last war.

* * *

A week ago Hitler had two plans, one of which was to function if his demands were conceded, the other if they were refused. He said he was not going to be shaken from one or other of the timetables. But he was.

* * *

Ex-Kaiser and ex-warlord Wilhelm has been spending hours every day praying for peace. Last week he, too, pushed forward a peace plan, through friends in Germany. But no official notice was taken of him.

* * *

Some hundreds of young American men offered their services for the British Army. Unlike the French, who already have the names of 10,000 young men in the United States who are keen to take up arms, we turned them down.

* * *

Suggestion for the Belgian King's peace appeal, on behalf of the nine "neutral Powers," came from the King of Denmark, whose Cabinet fear that their country is one of Hitler's main objectives.

FIRST hint of Moscow's duplicity came to London when our Naval and Military Mission reported that Stalin's prime concern wanted to extract information about Britain's intended war dispositions at sea and in the field.

Our men gave nothing away.

* * *

Chief author of the German-Russian pact was not von Papen but General von Fritsch, former Commander-in-Chief of the German army, and for a long time in disgrace.

He has always urged German-Russian collaboration. Lately, the rest of the German Imperial Staff has agreed with him.

Hitler was bluntly told that Germany could not win a big war—lightning or otherwise—unless Russia could be kept neutral.

* * *

So Hitler agreed to von Fritsch's plans, of which the trade agreement between Moscow and Berlin was the first instalment.

But Moscow kept that trade treaty in the air for three months. At last the German delegation had to go cap-in-hand to the Kremlin and agree to Moscow's demands.

THE political pact followed. Again Berlin had to agree to everything that Stalin demanded; von Ribbentrop, arch-priest of the Anti-Comintern alliance, had to fly to Moscow to eat his own policy.

In spite of denials, one result of the pact will be the release of Ernst Thaelman, leader of the German Communist Party, who has been more than six years without trial in Dachau concentration camp.

* * *

Turn to Japan. She, too, is preparing to somersault.

Not merely amazed by events in Europe, she is alarmed lest she has to wage war alone against Russia.

* * *

Russia has secretly been rushing reinforcements to the Manchurian frontier during the last week. Now a million men face the Japanese forces.

Japan has entirely stopped her attacks on Russian outposts; anyway, they were just showmanship, as we have told you.

Yet, despite her new menace, she is actually withdrawing her troops and rushing them southwards to Central China. There are three reasons for this odd move.

JAPAN has to repel increasing Chinese guerilla attacks. She wants to demonstrate to Russia her "good intentions."

And she fears a new offensive from Chiang Kai-Shek, who has been receiving large consignments of arms from Japan's trusted Axis partner—Germany!

* * *

Hitler has, in fact, been double-crossing Japan for months. Japan knew it. Hence her refusal to commit herself to the military pact which Hitler tried to force upon her, though she never expected him to side openly with her most-feared enemy.

* * *

Now she expects that, having thrown off the mask, he will pour still more arms into China to stalemate any attempt by Japan to link up with the democracies she has insulted.

* * *

Nevertheless, she has decided to make friends again with Britain. You can expect an immediate end to the Tientsin and Hong-Kong tension.

HELPFUL factor in this decision was the U.S.A.'s readiness to intervene in order to free Britain's hands in Europe. Washington has already prepared a list of 600 cases of interference with American citizens.

* * *

The western end of the Axis is also shaking.

Franco, furious at the German-Russian pact, has told his general staff that no aid will be given to Germany in the event of a European war, and all his German experts have been unofficially but firmly invited to leave.

His forces, trained to fight Bolshevism, are disillusioned and restive.

* * *

So, just as Hitler failed to win Portugal and drove her into closer friendship with Britain, he has now lost his grip on the Mediterranean. The menace to Gibraltar has lifted.

AND so back to Germany, whose internal situation has taken a turn for the worse.

Dr. Schacht was secretly summoned to Berchtesgaden last week to discuss the increasing gravity of the nation's finances.

Budgeted expenditure for this year was 22,500 million marks. Already more than 400,000 millions have been spent.

* * *

Germany's alarming shortage of food, too, became known to Whitehall early last week. Rationing has already broken down; house-to-house search for food hoarders has taken place in several towns because no supplies were available for the troops!

ANDERSON'S FOLLY

Evacuation is the key-factor in Britain's A.R.P. plans. There is grave reason to doubt its efficiency. Children go to areas without proper water supply. Wealthy cowards snatch refuges intended for the ailing and the aged.

Without Fear or Favour

Children set off for evacuation centres. What will be their reception?

ALL the Government's A.R.P. plans depend largely on evacuation. Whitehall says that its evacuation plans are complete and pretty well perfect.

So they may be—on paper. But in practice they are open to grave doubts—doubts which can only be removed by a full and frank explanation by Sir John Anderson and the other Ministers involved.

FOR UNLESS EVACUATION IS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. EFFECTIVE, IT WILL BE ALMOST WORSE THAN NONE AT ALL.

Undoubtedly, it is an excellent plan to teach evacuated children gardening in their new schools, to take them for nature study rambles and on "expeditions of historical interest."

But we should admire it all the more if we knew that as much attention was being paid to the youngsters' health as to their appreciation of hedgehogs, hedgerows and historical titbits.

Instead, the local authorities who will have to care for them are highly perturbed about water supplies and medical arrangements.

Needham Market, in Norfolk, which is scheduled to receive a thousand children in time of war, has flatly refused to take any of them because its water supply is utterly inadequate.

Another village, chosen as a life-saving sanctuary for the very young, relies for water on a pump that often dries up, has no sanitation system and no doctor for miles around.

A group of villages, willing to accept two hundred refugees, has been allotted 667 children and teachers. This district, too, has very little water.

Its wells frequently run dry in summer. Its sanitary arrangements are primitive—one of its hamlets, in fact, is not served even by the sewage cart.

No need to stress the danger of disease in such a district, suddenly crowded with hundreds of children of susceptible ages!

YET the nearest isolation hospital is sixteen miles away, serves a wide area, and can accommodate only a dozen cases.

At Congleton, Macclesfield and the Isle of Ely, the position would become very serious—owing to lack of water—if refugees were sent there, as Mr. Chuter Ede, M.P., warned the Government recently.

And he added a general warning as the spokesman of the County Councils.

Not only are they gravely anxious for the children who will be dumped upon them if the war clouds burst.

They point out that no provision has been made for treating expectant mothers, who would be among the first of the fugitives.

Again, it seems that only half the number of crippled adults who live in vulnerable areas will be removed. The rest—and all bedridden invalids—will just be left to face the peril of intensive bombing.

While such incredible omissions are tolerated by the complacent mandarins of Whitehall, we cannot believe that the plans are so perfect as they are claimed to be.

And a virtual admission that those plans are neither perfect nor complete was made in the announcement, a fortnight ago, that a further nineteen areas had been added to the London County Council's list.

UNTIL then, it had blindly been proposed to treat as neutral areas the obviously dangerous districts of Enfield—with its Government small arms factory — and Waltham, which has an important gunpowder works!

The crowded dormitory towns of Hornchurch, Ealing, Croydon, Wimbledon and Wood Green had also been exempted by the evacuation authorities.

The sudden S O S to the London County Council meant that transport schemes had to be drastically altered, an additional 200,000 persons were added to the 1,530,000 for whom provision had already been made, and a hurried search had to be started for new billeting areas.

Now, a word about those billeting arrangements.

Whitehall is proud of the public's response to the appeal for accommodation in safe towns. Rightly so.

But the places earmarked for young children, ailing mothers and the aged are being snatched by wealthy cowards.

One small Midland town has already been booked up by the rich, and not a single room left for an official refugee.

As for the celebrated camps for schoolchildren, the less said about them the better.

Even Whitehall is shy of discussing them. Though the plans were announced in February, the sites were not chosen until July and building is still held up because the local councils have not been informed of Whitehall's precise requirements!

Clitheroe (Lancs) Rural Council, for instance, is sending strong criticism to the Ministry of Health of a proposed camp at Barrow.

Not only are the plans incomplete, the council complains, but the site is wholly unsuitable because of the absence of water and sanitary systems.

So parents can hardly be blamed for not rushing to register their young children as subjects for evacuation.

Even in London only 20 per cent. of parents have registered.

Unless the whole plan is to fall into confusion in practice—despite the successful small-part rehearsals that have been held in a few towns—the full co-operation of the public must be enlisted at once.

That will be done only if Sir John Anderson and his colleagues issue a detailed explanation of the scheme, remove at once the obvious and dangerous disadvantages, and clear away the muddle which plainly exists.

THE criticisms of transport and military experts must be answered. It is not enough to claim that three million people can be evacuated in three days, and such cities as Edinburgh and Dundee smoothly and safely depopulated in two days.

How a mobilisation of troops and their supplies could take place at the same time as civilians were occupying all available road and rail transport, is a question that must tax the brains of any general staff.

Even if that question is satisfactorily met, even if the alarming breakdowns which we have outlined are overcome, there will still be the need for a nation-wide publicity campaign.

Thousands more volunteers must be recruited to escort mothers and children from their homes to transport centres.

Otherwise, as we have said, evacuation will prove but a half-success.

And that might prove to be the worst and most perilous of all Sir John Anderson's depressing follies.

- This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.
- Is something angering you, amusing you, puzzling you? Then write us a letter about it. Or send us a photograph.
- We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.
- The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Voice of the People

ON a trip to London, I was appalled when I noticed how many men and women depend for their livings on the kerbside sale of matches. Many of them label themselves as suffering from the most terrible of all diseases.

Is there no charitable organisation willing to help them? Or do they prefer to live in such a way?—W. J. Caple, 153, Islwya Road, Wattsville, Mon.

Valentine Williams, the famous author, pointed out to writer of this footnote a match-seller whom he had often seen in fashionable resorts on Continent. Approached, the kerbside vendor said Britons holidaying abroad weren't worth following as they used to be. They wanted their matches for a penny! Crippled street match-seller hanged for murdering his sweetheart was found to have earned £12 to £16 a week at his Ealing, London, pitch.

Children in Uniform?

I regret that JOHN BULL expresses unqualified approval of a publican's complaint. (A West London licensee wrote regretting that certain Hammersmith taverns refuse to serve soldiers in uniform.)

There can be no spectacle more reprehensible and humiliating than that of a helplessly intoxicated wretch, probably a Militia-boy, completely unconscious of his degrading attitudes and language.—Donald M. Moir, 42, Church Street, Clydebank, Scotland.

We asked twenty people: "When did you last see a drunken soldier?" Fifteen said they had never seen one. The other five said: "Not for years." Remember, too, that the public-houses referred to serve officers.

Storing Shavings!

Being fond of a food that sells loose at 1s. a pound, I was delighted to find that it was packed in 1s. 3d. airtight tins suitable for storing away for emergencies.

I bought one, but was tempted to open it. Judge, therefore, of my surprise when I found that it was one-third full of shavings, that the food inside, which I weighed very carefully, barely amounted to ¾ lb.—N. W. Watson, Brent, Chaldon, Surrey.

Alien Electors

It seems a reasonable guess that we shall soon be having a general election. Can a new rule be introduced, that all candidates shall at least have British or Empire birthright?

Too many aliens have succeeded in championing some "ism" of the moment and have thus wormed their way into "representing" British electors.

Give us candidates who can establish British ancestry for two preceding generations.—Thomas Pugsley, Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol.

We think electors would prefer to have complete choice as to who should represent them. We don't think they would elect undesirable aliens. Admittedly, Lady Astor came here from America, but, although we disagree with many of her views, we know of few people more passionately fond of this country and its people.

"Discipline"

Militiamen won't mind discipline as long as they are treated as men.

Let me tell you the sort of treatment British soldiers never get, thank Heaven. I served in the Russian army 35 years ago, was in the barracks when an officer imperiously demanded that we should name pictures of the Russian royal family displayed on the walls.

One soldier failed over a picture, so I was told to smack his face. My smack wasn't hard enough, so the officer knocked me down with a terrific blow and said: "Do it like that!"

I had to, although that comrade in arms was my own brother!—Joseph Zerdin, Gladesmore Road, South Tottenham, N.15.

Public Benefactor

In my opinion, suppression of "Public Benefactor's" name and address would be an advantage.

Very often a reader feels that certain information that reaches him should be published in the public interest—yet the same reader may not wish to be labelled as the informant. Reprisals are possible, aren't they?—Mrs. Hamilton, Sydney Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Our prize goes to the reader sending the best information to Sir Wyndham Childs, whether the informant's name is given or not. We never give the name when the reader in question requests that we do not.

A Slow Job

I was sorry to notice that the centenary of the Nelson Column, highest and best-known landmark in London and probably the whole Empire, should have passed without a line of mention in the Press. I trust JOHN BULL will remedy this—B. E., Crawley, Sussex.

It would take years to record this centenary! Column was suggested in 1837 by anonymous letter-writer with initials "J. B."; subscription was started in 1838. Design was chosen just 100 years ago. Contract was placed 1840, figure hoisted to top 1843, lions added 1867.

Up the Pole?

It was decided to erect a flagstaff the other day on the —— military rifle range.

Three days after the order for the necessary pulley had been sent through it arrived—a cumbersome device for lifting loads of 2½ tons.

Then, after the flagstaff had been put up, it was found that the flag hadn't arrived in time for the shooting meeting that had been planned, so the whole lot was dismantled again.—S. K. N., Copnor, Portsmouth, Hants.

Soft Soldiers

In A.D. 139 Roman auxiliary troops were encamped near Hadrian's Wall. Their barracks were built of stone. They had hot and cold baths and heating apparatus.

In 1939 British auxiliaries (in other words, Militiamen) are camping on the same site. They are under canvas, have been washed out, have no heating apparatus.—C. B., Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Romans were softer troops than ours of the last fifty years.

History proves it. Idea that they were stalwarts with a contempt for danger is a myth. They never knew danger even as civilians know it in modern war.

They're With Us

Are you aware that the measures your Government is taking to stop terrorist operations have the whole-hearted approval of 95 per cent. of the Irish people, the majority of whom are disgusted with the tactics of these fellows, and who, if Britain goes to war, will be with her—as they always were? —James Byrne, 15, Fenian Street, Dublin.

Yes: we told our readers the other week that to believe that the Irish people are anything but horrified is to misjudge them badly.

"Lost Legion"

There is much one can criticise in A.R.P., but Sir John Anderson's Legion of the Lost is surely the Police War Reserve, of whom I am one.

We have no peace-time status whatsoever.

Speaking for myself, I have had nothing but lectures which have not touched on policemanship at all.

We have no uniforms, no warrant cards, no power of arrest, no more rights in enforcing the law than any other citizen.

I understand, in fact, that if war comes we shall be rushed into the streets—to face chaotic conditions—equipped with little but our own common-sense.—A. W., Stroud Green, N.4.

Curls are Banned

Having a boy friend who is now in the Militia, I visited him during my holidays.

Previously, everybody who knew him admired his well-kept, crispy curls, and I was no exception. But what a surprise awaited me. He looked like Convict 99.

The Army barber won't spare their curls!

When I asked him what was the big idea, he said it was not his idea at all, but the Army barber's, who, to my way of thinking, should be made to realise that the year is 1939 and this is a modern Army.—Miss R. E. C., Greasboro, Rotherham.

Curls can never survive if they show when on parade.

If this Militiaman wants a curl, barber will give him that old-fashioned sausage-roll which old-timers wore across the forehead.

Taking the Air

Wireless licences are "up" by another 30,000. To me this means another 30,000 families lolling and lounging about, developing swan necks and generally keeping *unfit*.

Like all things, radio entertainment should be taken in moderation. Over-indulgence will contribute in no small way to future decadence.

Why not leave the radio to the aged, the infirm and the blind, except on special occasions?—W. Smith, Hart Street, Burnley.

Now that the majority of sets are worked off the mains, power station engineers can get some idea how many people are listening in at certain times.

They believe that most listeners are content to use their sets on average one hour a day.

Time Marches On

I live within a mile of Big Ben, and at twelve o'clock the other night I was sitting by the open window of my flat listening to the radio.

Suddenly the first stroke of the famous clock boomed from the loud-speaker; then, a second or two later, I heard Big Ben itself!—C. L., Pimlico, S.W.

Explanation is quite simple. The speed of sound is 760 m.p.h.; the speed of sound carried by high frequency radio waves is approximately that of light—186,000 m.p.h.

People in Australia often hear Big Ben by radio sooner than many Londoners who live practically in its shadow.

Speedsters

Scene: A Wiltshire police-court.
Cases: Forty.
Fines: £11 10s.
Police present: Twenty.

Time taken in disposing of cases: Forty minutes.

Give us speedy justice, certainly. But not in this sense.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

A JOHN BULL representative has just returned from a visit to the Franco-German frontier. Here is his report on the greatest defence line in history.

A glimpse of the Siegfried Line. It is built chiefly as an operating base for attack

MAGINOT versus SIEGFRIED

THE Maginot Line or the Siegfried Line? Which is stronger, which comes nearer to their creators' boast that they can withstand the most formidable enemy army?

Each vast fortification is hidden in mystery and, at the same time, advertised by every modern propaganda method.

One great difference between the two fortifications is striking. It has taken France nine years to build the Maginot Line. Not until May 29, 1938, did Hitler—in his own words—"order immediate extensions of the German fortifications in the West."

True. Hitler revealed at the same time that about 500,000 workmen, many of them working sixteen hours a day, were to be employed on the fortifications: that the German railways were taking 8,000 trucks of material to the works every day, and that the daily consumption of gravel was 100,000 tons.

But in nine years of ceaseless work on the Maginot Line the French have exceeded these impressive figures by far.

They had ample time to let their scientists and engineers solve the difficult problems. Careful thought could be given to the perfection of the many thousand details which alone guaranteed 100 per cent. effectiveness.

This effectiveness has been achieved by brains rather than by manual labour.

Another factor tells against the Siegfried Line and in favour of the Maginot Line.

The Maginot Line is what it pretends to be: a defence wall. The Siegfried Line, on the other hand, has been planned and constructed rather as a basis for attack.

This is officially admitted in Nazi publications, which speak of the Siegfried Line as a perfect instrument for the so-called Schliefen plan, a strategical conception based on the principle that attack is the best defence.

STANDING on French territory and looking through strong glasses across the Rhine and into German territory, I could see the Siegfried Line.

The Maginot Line remains hidden if you walk right across it, as I did recently.

The Germans have built up open obstacles to an invading army. Most of the 22,000 little forts and machine-gun emplacements of the Siegfried Line rise well over the surface.

When I asked a German engineer engaged in work on the Siegfried Line about the lifts and the lift-shafts, he looked at me in surprise.

FOR THE SIEGFRIED LINE IS NO DEEPER THAN A DEEP CELLAR IN A TOWN HOUSE. THREE DOZEN STEPS TAKE YOU TO THE GROUND FLOOR.

The Maginot Line goes deep into the earth. Rapid lifts carry men and material three and sometimes four storeys down and up again.

Some of these lifts are specially constructed to raise huge guns so that they can shoot into the enemy and disappear again within a few seconds. Observers review the position on the surface through periscopes like those used in submarines.

The Siegfried Line has a different advantage. According to the Nazis' own statement, it has been planned to force the invading enemy more or less to accept the defenders' strategic tactics and to abandon his own.

Trying to escape deadly fire from the Siegfried forts on one side, the invader finds himself trapped and is liable to be outflanked from the other side.

The principle of the Maginot Line is, strangely enough, totalitarian: all guns in one sector go off at the same time, covering the invader from all sides.

Here the vast fortifications of France and Germany face each other. The Siegfried line is 350 miles long

They do not give him time to retreat; they do not lure him into a trap. They are out to destroy him completely as soon as he sets foot on French territory.

Beneath the Maginot Line a completely mobilised front is hidden underground, ready to emerge and pounce on the enemy at any time.

There are men, guns of all calibres, kitchens and hospitals, power-stations and powder-magazines, roads with railways and villages—or, rather, little towns—all two hundred yards below the surface.

ON top are cornfields, trees and gardens, little farms on which peasants work. But every single peasant is a French soldier under arms and his farm is a small fort—covering, perhaps, one of the many lifts that lead below.

The Western Wall, as the Siegfried Line is officially called, is thirty miles wide, second and third lines of defences included, and some 350 miles long.

It stretches from the Dutch to the Swiss frontier, from Aix-la-Chapelle to Bâle.

French intelligence agents, risking their lives, have brought back samples of the material used by the German constructors in the Siegfried Line.

THEY have given the French Military Intelligence Service valuable clues to the effectiveness of the Line. And they have strengthened a suspicion caused by Nazi publications which declared that "the men were more important than the material."

It appears that all is not well with Germany's reinforced concrete and the specially hardened steel from which such a defence wall must be built.

French generals have now found out that lack of raw materials has induced Dr. Todt, constructor of the Siegfried Line, to improvise here and there and trust to luck that the enemy will overlook the weak spots. There are no "weak spots" on the French side.

I doubt, however, whether either the Maginot Line or the Western Wall is impregnable, as their constructors insist. There could then be no war if they were.

Certainly every protection that military and scientific brains can devise in nine years has been incorporated in the Maginot Line.

An attacking enemy will suffer tremendous losses and might well be too weak to go on.

The Siegfried Line, on the other hand, as an operating basis for an attack should have a slight advantage.

What pictures do both lines present in action? Suppose the enemy launches an attack with a tank brigade. Armoured cars will soon tumble; many will disappear. They will get stuck in artificial mud or will be lost in deep ditches.

Then, as if from nowhere, there will suddenly arise a complete army corps with mechanised units.

The enemy, imagining himself to have advanced into no man's land, will find himself surprisingly confronted with an overwhelming force, able to strike and disappear again into bomb-proof shelters.

HEREIN IS THE STRENGTH OF THE MAGINOT LINE. IT PROVIDES FOR JACK-IN-THE-BOX TACTICS FOR WHOLE DIVISIONS.

They appear, disappear and reappear somewhere else. Mysteriously and quickly they are carried miles and miles by fast-moving underground trains.

The approach to the Maginot Line from France is a mystery even to the troops themselves. All they know is that on their march through territory with which they seem well acquainted they are suddenly led into a side-road which takes them underground.

They are then well over sixty miles away from the front line of the fortifications. The entrance through which they pass is so well camouflaged that they would hardly find it again without their leaders.

All the way towards the front line they march underground, perfectly safe from attack, unnoticed by the enemy.

Although the Siegfried Line stands for all to see from a distance, you would risk being shot at sight if you tried to get a close-up view.

Yet we know that there, behind every bush within a thirty miles' range, are the little concrete-covered stands with movable multiple machine-guns.

There are thousands of spiky concrete pillars from two to eight feet high, little stone pyramids which prevent the approach of mechanised units and afford cover for the defending troops.

They all spit fire. Some of them are equipped with automatic machine-guns.

Right opposite this forest of steel and stone is the French "trick" section. It consists of defence devices which would make an ideal children's playground.

There are slides, huge hurdles, water ditches, traps everywhere, to catch the invader's forces.

WELL, which is stronger, Maginot or Siegfried? The French say there is a lot in a name.

Their Line is named after Andre Maginot, France's realistic War Minister in 1929. Germany's Western Wall is named after the mythological figure which Wagner popularised in opera.

But Siegfried, believed to be invulnerable, had a weak spot on his shoulder. An enemy spear hit him there and killed him!

More impressive, however, is the belief of a French General with a unique dossier of secret information about the Siegfried Line.

He puts the effectiveness of the rival fortifications at 9—1 in favour of France.

Allowing for the General's patriotism and bearing in mind all the evidence I have gathered, I reduce his odds.

IN SHORT: MAGINOT VERSUS SIEGFRIED—3 to 1 ON MAGINOT.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

JAIL BIRD'S CIGARETTE SWINDLE

Ex-Divisional Inspector Rosie, Scotland Yard, headed a hunt for Greensmith and cleverly effected his arrest in record time

THE A.G. Tobacco Company, of Marischal Road, Lewisham, London, S.E., sounds an imposing concern to men—some of them out of work—who are offered jobs as salesmen.

Behind it, though, is one of the most heartless scoundrels I have ever come across. His real name is believed to be Archibald Greensmith, but he has used any number of aliases in his criminal career.

It is not long since he finished his last jail sentence, and I am glad I have traced his new impudent racket in time, I hope, to save fresh victims from his clutches.

His game is to secure cash deposits of from £75 to £150 from men who are fooled into believing that they are being given good positions.

It is being done with all the cunning for which he is specially noted in police records.

Short and tubby, his hair greying slightly round a bald patch, he has a tremendously forceful personality.

It spreads to the charming letters he writes to those who answer his advertisements for reliable men of good appearance to sell cigarettes.

"Good Companions" and "Repeats" are two of the brands, and applicants are told that they will be required to call on tobacconists and at hotels and cafés.

A deposit of £2 2s. is required against the first consignment of cigarettes supplied, and a few days' trial is suggested.

Then the salesman is invited to go to London to discuss the real job. That is when spider Greensmith baits his web.

Turning on his guile at full force he leads up to the question of a substantial cash deposit after painting the prospective job in the most glowing colours.

He explains accounts have to be collected by the salesmen and that is why it is essential that he should have the deposit, which, of course, he promises will be returned.

"Just an ordinary business precaution, Old Man," I can imagine him saying. He conveniently forgets the simple expedient of a fidelity bond!

He has made a fine art of fleecing his victims in this way, and he has left behind him a long trail of them.

In one name or another Greensmith has played this mean trick for about twenty years, and though he has been trapped and jailed several times he comes back to it with amazing persistence.

He cut a great dash when he bobbed up in the Southwark district of London as the A.G. Foundry Company, Ltd. "John S. Spencer" was his assumed name then, and he drove each day to his lavishly appointed office from a West End flat.

ONE DAY HE VANISHED, LEAVING HIS EMPLOYEES IN THE LURCH. MOST OF THEM HAD PARTED WITH SUMS RANGING FROM £50 TO £250.

Nearly all his ventures have been like that.

In his latest literature he refers to a branch at "Loampit Hill, S.E."

There is no trace of it, but I find that he certainly ran one of his swindles from that neighbourhood a few years ago, when he posed as the "Newart Metal Company"!

A final note. This man's company must not be confused with the long-established and reputable firm which manufacture "A.G." cigarette-papers.

Public Benefactor

Readers have helped me tremendously since I made a special appeal for instances of trickery and injustice requiring investigation.

It is by receiving prompt details that I am able to save not only individuals but the public generally from being victimised.

Each week £1 1s. is paid for information considered most valuable. This week it is secured by Mr. A. G. Wiles, of 50, Parkham Road, Gosport.

If you know of any scandal, send me concise particulars. I deal with all letters personally.

Address your envelopes: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Watch 'em!

MOST people daydream of being left a fortune.

So don't go into ecstasies if an elderly man calls and introduces himself with a card bearing the name "Gordon and Spencer, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2."

He is John Clarke, most amazing bogus lawyer ever known in this country, still eluding arrest, though the police have been after him for several months.

By pretending that people are to benefit under the will of some long-forgotten relative, he has robbed them of large sums. He uses many aliases.

Ask for His Pass

New guide-book dodge is being tried by a man who is calling on tradesmen and representing that he is from the Post Office.

He says he is checking names and addresses for the *Post Office Directory and Guide*, and collects a fee if he can.

You can stop his little ruse by asking him to produce his Pass Card with which all *bona-fide* Post Office officials are provided.

Stamp Ramp

A. Lewis and Co.—actually just **A. Lewis using a more imposing title—of Edward Street, Brighton, believe in trying hard.**

Circulars offering full instructions for making a nice income from stamp collecting for 1s. 9d. are still going out.

It is one of the biggest ramps of its kind.

And Crisis Cheats

Crisis cheats are also still preying on unwary householders.

"A first-aid attachment" for gas masks is their latest trick.

Many residents in Batley and other Northern towns have been hoodwinked. They paid 1s. 3d. for bandages and iodine worth a few coppers.

Again I warn everyone to be on their guard against these plausible doorstep touts who so cleverly contrive to give the impression that they are A.R.P. officials.

Don't Give Money to Mr. Antrobus

W. ANTROBUS, who describes himself as a hydraulic engineer, of Link Avenue, Urmston, Manchester, is angry because valuable water-power in the neighbourhood is allowed to go to waste.

He seems to become angrier with people who decline to entrust him with capital to harness the water for the production of electricity.

A profit of 200 per cent. was the alluring prospect he held out in advertisements under a box number.

One Stockport woman who replied received a postcard from Mr. Antrobus informing her that such valuable information as he possessed could only be divulged at an interview.

The woman was not impressed. She was away when the great money-spinner called, and later, when she indicated she was not interested, she received an amazing letter.

Written in pencil on an advertisement form it reads: "U.R. a consumate hypocrite and *freud*—writing to ads. with no intention or not in a position to take advantage, i.e., dirty mean . . ."

This illiterate and insulting note seems grotesque compared with a printed pamphlet apparently prepared by Antrobus and setting out his ideas for doing all kinds of wonderful things with electricity.

Refuting the expert estimate that there is not more than 1,000,000 horse-power of water-power in this country, Mr. Antrobus declares that this amount can be obtained within a 25-mile radius of Manchester.

He adds that he has managed a water-driven works for ten years, manufactured turbines and written a booklet entitled "Water-Power Development Revolutionised."

Advertisements asking for capital for his proposed undertakings have been appearing frequently; £500, he says, will secure a directorship.

I should be sorry to think that anyone had parted with money for the woolly kind of proposition this curious man prates about.

He must imagine that people are as crazy as the ridiculous letter he wrote to the Stockport woman.

They Pay for Paying Guests!

RESIDENT PATIENTS BUREAU, of 47, Colchester Road, Leyton, Essex, says it can introduce paying guests, resident patients and also sell guest houses, nurses' homes and doctors' practices.

It does not state in its pamphlets, though, how wonderfully expert it is at using other people's telephone numbers!

One number printed on the letter heading, with the impressive words "3 lines" in brackets, turned out to be the number of a private house at Barnes.

The number on application forms used by a sister concern named Guest House Needs, also with "3 lines" in brackets, belongs to a butcher.

Both the Bureau and Guest House Needs are run by a Mrs. Pearl E. Becker from a small house. And the idea is that members should pay a fee of £1 to have guests introduced to them.

Many people have received the forms when they have replied to what appeared to be an advertisement by someone seeking accommodation as a paying guest.

Both concerns appear to be pretty ramshackle, and I think anyone would be unwise to pay the fee.

Weekly Warnings

£174,000 Has Been Lost!

Brighton's Aquarium, which has cost the town £174,000

GONE with the Flood!

No, that is not the title of a new novel. It's the strange explanation why important documents relating to the notoriously ill-fated Brighton Aquarium cannot be produced.

Exasperated ratepayers don't know about it yet.

I am able to reveal that the statement was made to the committee appointed to try to unravel the mystery of why the Aquarium has cost the town £174,000 since it was built.

The committee was astonished when it was calmly told that these documents had been washed away when the sea flooded the Aquarium office during a storm.

It is only one of the difficulties which appear to have brought the investigation to a dead end.

No one seems to be certain when the committee will meet again.

Meanwhile, a further deficit for last year of £10,888 has been charged to the rates.

In all the widespread scandal of disastrous municipal enterprises this white elephant of the popular South Coast resort stands out as a staggering example.

Though it was intended to be a glittering social centre, and was equipped as such, most of the attractions which would make it a success are barred!

No films or theatre shows or even dancing. Just concerts and travelogues.

Why? Apparently there is in existence some agreement with local entertainment controllers.

Residents who have to foot the bill are very vague about it. They are entitled to know the full facts.

The committee which was appointed when local indignation reached boiling point must not rest until it has probed every phase of the Aquarium's costly life.

As Councillor Sherrot pointed out, when last year's deficit was presented to the Council for perfunctory burial, no real explanation of the loss was given.

Only during three freak years had there been a profit, of £151 against the big overall loss of £174,000.

The Councillor described the Aquarium as a scandalous instance of mismanagement.

What Brighton needs, as I have previously insisted, is a thorough overhaul of all its municipal undertakings.

Squandermania has been rife for too long. It is only a few months since an excess expenditure of £11,000 on a new tennis stadium was sprung on the town.

There was the usual belated enquiry when the money was beyond recall.

It was maintained that about £2,000 of the excess was beyond the architect's control. He had, it was disclosed, received instructions from someone who apparently had no authority to give them.

This person was not named in the Finance Committee's report, and the mystery has never been cleared up.

If the 150,000 ratepayers don't put a stop to all this continued waste of money they will have only themselves to blame for the rapidly mounting rates with which they are being saddled.

The Answer

My answer to the anonymous woman who has written to me in great distress is "Yes."

YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU SIGN

SCHOOLMASTERS, tradesmen and small business men should beware of "block-making" tricksters now very active in getting them to sign along the dotted line in return for a free "write-up" in an unknown periodical.

A representative of a firm named the Fleet-Hammond Co., Ltd., 22, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C., visited a reader who owns a small furniture shop, and expressed keen anxiety to give him free publicity in a periodical called "County Illustrated," owned by the firm.

A photograph of a period table was taken and then, casually, as though it didn't really matter, it was suggested that the owner would pay the cost of the process block.

Made to believe it was a trifling expense—the usual amount mentioned is 2s. 9d.—he consented. Very soon after he received a bill for £3 10s. The price mentioned turned out to be cost per inch.

Mostly, representatives whisk out the forms in a great hurry. As another reader, similarly duped, writes, "Out flashed a printed form which I signed to my sorrow. Back it was whipped into his pocket."

The price charged for the blocks is generally very high, and the ramp constitutes the principal source of revenue for periodicals with little genuine circulation.

Behind the Fleet-Hammond Co., Ltd., I find, is our old friend Henry Stuart MacIntosh, better known as Hannaford MacIntosh.

He is pretty well the arch-priest of this racket and he runs a number of these publications from hole-and-corner addresses.

It is disgraceful that he is allowed to continue spoofing the public.

If You Must Borrow...

C. AMBROSE, of 184, Camden High Street, London, N.W., may be in no way connected with Arthur Gordon, the moneylender who borrowed first.

But their methods and facile style of letter writing are uncannily similar.

Mr. Ambrose, just like Mr. Gordon, who quickly skipped from his West Ealing address when I exposed him, advertises for "genuine clients requiring capital."

Then there is the same professed readiness to make loans at a trifling rate of interest.

Repayments are worked out so that everything is "quite easy" and there is the identical assurance that Mr. Ambrose is a private investor who will keep everything private and confidential.

It all seems as simple as changing a one-pound note—until the question of an advance fee is broached.

"As a sign of good faith," two guineas is required by postal order or cash for travelling and initial expenses to make enquiries on the spot!

Mr. Ambrose himself must think this is a little odd because he explains that the fee cannot be deducted from the loan.

Quite ingenuously he "feels sure his clients must appreciate this"!

If you must borrow money, don't go to the moneylenders, or whatever they call themselves, who borrow from you first. The genuine ones don't do business that way.

The Girls are Busy Again

TWENTIETH Century Publicity scholarship girls are busy again, smiling their way to the hearts of business men.

"Just agree to subscribe to an American magazine for a year and you'll help me to study at a British university," is their plea.

This new batch say they have come over from Canada.

Actually they are employed by a bright young man named Douglas James, who runs the Twentieth Century Publicity company from two rooms in Regent Street, London.

Last year when I looked into his activities I found that this scholarship libretto was being furnished as sales talk to girls who answered advertisements for canvassers!

It's an old American custom.

The Watch Trick

Complaints reaching me show that the plausible buyers of old gold are still flourishing.

A seventy-three-years-old widow, of Horden, County Durham, has just been robbed of a gold watch.

One of the pests who had wormed his way into her house made off with the watch while she was fetching a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles from another room.

The only safeguard is to shut the door in the face of these scoundrels the moment they mention old gold.

If you have any to sell, take it to an established tradesman.

Edith the Weeper

BLACK clouds. . . .

That's almost become the theme song of "Edith Colville," the cleverest weeping crook known to the police.

Always when she imposes on sympathetic people she brings black clouds into her fiction. And she turns them into an easy and substantial income.

Her favourite ruse is to fake fainting fits most realistically. When a crowd gathers she recovers sufficiently to tell her sad story of being on her way to a sick sister. The relationship varies but never her plight—she has no money and is attempting to do the journey on foot.

Onlookers, completely deceived by her perfect acting, give her money and she totters off, as she did in a street in Stroud Green, London, the other day.

It may seem just one of the scores of mean little street tricks, but this woman has made it a big racket.

Though it has landed her in jail nine times, she still keeps it up in various assumed names. Some are "Murdock, Gleeson, Ferguson, Black, Newsome, Grayson and Prover."

She draws, too, on a fund of hard luck stories. At times she discards the fainting act and borrows money to go to her husband or mother or son supposed to be dying in a town some distance away.

Police are looking for her again.

Thousands of young children's lives are being sacrificed by the—

GREAT MILK MENACE

Maybe the milk they're drinking is pure. But every year more than 2,000 children like them die because of the peril that can lie in a bottle of milk. And vested interests block the way to an absolutely safe and dependable supply

ANY factor which menaces the country's well-being finds this paper its enemy.

Neither political nor "commercial" considerations will affect our attitude.

That is why we are going to tell the truth about a danger which menaces you and your children daily. It is the danger that can lie in the bottle of milk left each morning on your doorstep.

First let us say this: Most of the country's milk is as harmless as science and infinite care can make it.

But not all. And the impure contents of one single churn can affect a whole consignment of clean milk.

Here are JOHN BULL'S reasons for warning the public:—

Last year more than 2,500 people in Britain died of a disease called bovine tuberculosis. Nearly all of them were young children.

According to high medical authorities like Professor J. C. Drummond, Dr. G. C. Anderson, of the B.M.A., and an expert Committee of the British Association, the seeds of this crippling disease are sown afresh in countless thousands of people every year.

There is one cause, and one only, of this disease—infected milk. *And that is easily and readily avoidable.*

Not only this form of "T.B.," which strikes mainly at the young, but other terrible ailments can be traced to the same source.

Not long ago a Committee produced Ministry of Health figures of outbreaks known to be due to *human* contamination of milk. They included 30 epidemics of typhoid, 14 of dysentery, and 28 of scarlet fever. One epidemic affected 1,000 families and caused 65 deaths.

There are two methods whereby this growing toll of suffering and death can be reduced or abolished entirely.

The first is by a ruthless survey of *all* the milk-producing kine in the land and the slaughter of all infected animals. The second is "pasteurisation," applied as a nation-wide practice to all milk for human consumption.

THE first method can be ruled out as impracticable and uneconomic. For the simple, shocking truth is that four in every ten dairy cows in the country are now known to harbour the tubercle bacillus.

THE SECOND METHOD, HOWEVER, IS CERTAIN. PASTEURISATION, PROPERLY APPLIED, WILL ENSURE AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE SUPPLY OF MILK FROM WHATEVER SOURCE AND IN SPITE OF ANY CONTAMINATION IN PRODUCTION.

But there is neither rule nor effectiveness in the carrying out of either method. And there's the tragedy.

Slaughter and compensation, even when infection can be traced—which is seldom—does little towards building up taint-free stock.

And pasteurisation remains voluntary on the part of a few retailing companies and compulsory only with one or two intelligent authorities—Glasgow, for instance.

VARIOUS Acts empower local authorities to supervise and license the various plants in their area, though few of the authorities bother to exercise their powers.

Recently the Medical Officer for Wiltshire (one of the biggest dairy counties) reported that four out of seven pasteurisation plants in his county were working inadequately. Huge quantities of the milk sold as "pasteurised" were found to contain tubercle.

He added that in another county much of the milk issued to children under the schools scheme was found to be similarly tainted.

Everybody now knows that milk is the most valuable of all human foods. JOHN BULL, like most other public organs, has urged the people to "drink more milk."

Yet the consumption per head in this country still stays far lower than in almost any other nation. In our view it will stay so until the public is assured, as in other countries, of a generally safe source of supply.

Who is to blame for the present state of things?

It is the fashion to abuse the Milk Marketing Board for all the woes and shortcomings of the dairy industry. But right away we can acquit that body of any responsibility for the flood of unsafe or infected milk which reaches the public.

We can do more. We can praise it for having achieved miracles in improving the standards of cleanliness of raw milk.

When it took over in 1933 there were 800 producers of what was called "Grade A" milk in the country. By cash encouragement and methods such as its "accredited" schemes it has raised the number of designated milk producers to more than 24,000.

Since last October it has paid out over £1,000,000 in premiums and bonuses for better milk. There are thousands of producers on its books who receive money from the Board over and above the sales return on their milk simply because their product is so good.

BUT the Board can do nothing more than encourage. It cannot *compel* a universally safe source of supply.

In fairness to the Government, it should be mentioned that a lot of the millions spent by the Board in bonuses is Government assisted. But the State's responsibility should not end there.

Time and again, and despite the weight of medical evidence and the experience of other more sensible countries, all attempts at bringing about compulsory pasteurisation have failed.

The opposition of vested interests and ballot-box reasons are the chief cause. The Government has agreed "in principle" to the necessity for such legislation, but there the matter rests.

Meanwhile more than 2,000 children die every year through drinking infected milk and countless more are doomed to spend much of their lives as invalids.

There is no more sense in paltering further with periodic schemes for herd examination and casual (and costly) slaughter of infected animals. There is one method only to wipe out the inroads of disease, and that is compulsory pasteurisation.

It can be applied in the first instance in all towns with a population of 20,000 or more. Public opinion will ensure later that all milk for the more scantily populated districts will pass through the same process in the nearest plants.

Equally important is a tightening up of the powers of supervision over all pasteurising plants, and of routine cleanliness surveys of producers.

Of course, such measures mean more inspectors. But we would rather have 2,500 live inspectors than 2,500 dead children.

Not from the B.B.C. — Home-Chat

Regularly twice a week,
And sometimes even more,
Domestic discord rears its head
Within the flat next door;
Nor would I call the one above
Exactly an abode of love!

As for the couple down below,
They're at it even now;
Although upon the floor I've stamped
And yelled, "Oh, can that row!"
I wonder, would it stop the clamour
To throw the husband down a hammer?

PRESUMABLY it would depend upon the use he made of it. But, as it might be thought an incitement to manslaughter, perhaps a policy of masterly inactivity is advisable.

All the same, as a flat-dweller who has for long suffered from the inability of any of the surrounding couples to arrange non-aggression pacts, I have felt tempted to distribute a few hammers among my male neighbours even since reading what Inspector Blake had to say in his report to the N.S.P.C.C.

"The only drawback to flat life," said the Inspector, "is that it tends to make the men more quarrelsome. They have no garden or shed where they can hammer or tinker about, and so they become irritable."

Yet I doubt if even the most hard-bitten estate agent would have the nerve to refer to quarrelsomeness or anything else as "the only" drawback to flat life.

At a pinch, I could produce one or two associated with flats replete with all modern inconveniences, including two sorts of hot water (lukewarm and cold), a lift that goes non-stop to the top floor (and stays there), and a central heating system which functions with the utmost efficiency—except during Buchan's cold spells.

But I do hope that my favourite Sunday Press Emotion Boy will not break my heart by gazing at me with dog-like reproach and announcing:

"But a flat can never be a home!"
Though it flaunts a home-like "Welcome" on the mat,
A flat persists in being just a flat!
It has no lawn for one to mow,
No scrap of space where weeds can grow,
And there're of other things a lot
To make it plain, for all to see,
No flat a home can ever be—
So what?

Y. Z.

In this article, A. G. Gardin
deals not with the day-to-d
events of the Crisis, but w
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which has been wrought
the pact between Soviet Rus
and Nazi Germany—tw
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By A. G
GARDINE

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horrors of Communism.

In the United States, in Fran
England, in South America, in S
navia—everywhere, his agents

THE NEW FACE OF EUROPE

In this article, A. G. Gardiner deals not with the day-to-day events of the Crisis, but with the tremendously significant change in the face of Europe which has been wrought by the pact between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany—two states which, until last week, seemed to be irrevocably divided. . . .

By A. G. GARDINER

ADOLF HITLER, ruler of Germany, greatest would-be tyrant in the history of the world, is unmasked at last.

And he has unmasked himself.

He has stripped all pretence from his real ambitions, and stands self-betrayed.

History will, I think, be searched in vain for a parallel to the sudden conversion of the arch-priest of Anti-Bolshevism to the suppliant of the arch-priest of Bolshevism himself.

I say nothing here of Stalin's share in that amazing transaction or of the tremendous consequences to which it gave birth. That is secondary, and can wait for later enlightenment.

But Hitler's action in renouncing the whole creed of the Anti-Comintern Pact throws such a light upon his motives, his methods and his aims, as discloses finally the skeleton behind the mask that he has thrown aside.

For without that creed, the Axis is spiritually dead. The purpose for which Hitler claimed that it existed is disowned and the real object of his manœuvres is revealed in all its nakedness.

Consider first the immense part the anti-Bolshevist stunt has played in Hitler's vast conspiracy. It had two functions.

The first was to spread such panic in Germany as would sweep him into power on a wave of fear.

For this purpose he and his fellow gangsters, on the eve of an appeal to the country, staged the infamous Reichstag fire.

BY this he killed two birds with one stone. He sent the visible emblem of Parliamentary government up in flames and, armed with his monopoly of the Press, the radio and every other vehicle of publicity, he convinced Germany that the crime that he and his confederates had committed was the work of the Communists.

The second purpose of the mask was more daring in scope and has been hardly less successful.

He knew that in every country outside Russia there were vague fears of Bolshevism, and he set Goebbels, Bohle and the rest of his creatures to exploit those fears and to exalt the Fuehrer as the saviour of mankind from the horrors of Communism.

In the United States, in France, in England, in South America, in Scandinavia—everywhere, his agents were secretly at work fomenting panic and organising cells of discontent in preparation for the Day.

Special attention was paid to this country.

Ribbentrop was sent here as Ambassador to worm himself into the social world and to keep our ingenuous politicians unalarmed while Germany was being made into an arsenal.

In vain did Mr. Churchill thunder in the ears of the Government.

His thunders were ignored, while Ribbentrop was the darling of the social world with his comfortable assurances that he and his Fuehrer were going to save us from Bolshevism.

I recall that on the night of his arrival in London he met the assembled journalists and told them, in so many words, that the object of his mission here was to bring Britain and Germany into line against Communism.

And next morning I searched in vain in the *Times* and our leading papers for a single word of protest against the insolence, or for a plain declaration that, with our Democratic System, we had as little fear of the Harry Pollitts as we had of the Oswald Mosleys.

THE dust that Ribbentrop threw in our eyes in those two years did the trick. It enabled Hitler to get away with his flying start.

And when Ribbentrop went home with the gratifying news that no trouble need be looked for from England and its nice, simple-minded, credulous statesmen and editors, he was set to the greater task of building the Anti-Comintern Pact that was to save humanity from the bogy which, so far as Germany was concerned, had already vanished in the flames of the Reichstag.

NEVER WAS A PLOT AT ONCE SO BAREFACED AND SO SUCCESSFUL.

BEHIND HIS MASK, HITLER MARCHED ON FROM TRIUMPH TO TRIUMPH—FROM THE RHINELAND TO AUSTRIA, SPAIN, MUNICH, PRAGUE—AND AT EVERY STAGE OUR DEAR SIMPLETONS IN THE GOVERNMENT PRESERVED THEIR CHILD-LIKE FAITH IN THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIK FUEHRER.

Not until Prague did the truth begin to dawn on them, or the meaning of Ribbentrop's machinations here become apparent to them.

Now the mask is thrown away. It has done its work.

Faced at Danzig with the next step in his conquest of Europe, Hitler flings over all his shams, his Anti-Comintern Pact, his Axis, his fulminations against Bolshevism, and falls on the neck of the man against whom he had sworn war to the death.

A year ago he would not tolerate the presence of a representative of sinful Russia at Munich.

To-day his spoon-fed Press is hailing Russia as Germany's dear old friend.

What does it all mean? It means that the anti-Bolshevist stunt has been the bait with which Hitler has hooked the plentiful gudgeons in this country and France, in Spain and America, and everywhere where panic about property can be aroused.

He himself has shown that he has no more respect for property than Stalin, no more reverence for private rights or personal liberties.

His hands drip with the plunder of rich and poor, States and churches and people alike. He has flung the wealth of Germany, of Austria, of Czechoslovakia into the furnace of war.

His weapons are arson, assassination and persecution, and there is not one respect in which his tyranny is not as fiendish as that of the Bolshevik régime.

The only difference between the tyrannies is in the matter which alone concerns us.

Communist Russia is not a menace to the peace of the world. Whatever the terrors that reign there, they reign within. They do not threaten the security of her neighbours.

But behind the sham fight against Bolshevism which Hitler has waged is the most terrific conspiracy against the peace of nations and the liberties of men with which the world has ever been confronted.

If it were conceivable that his maniacal ambitions could be accomplished, freedom and civilisation alike would perish from the earth and the world would become, as Henry IV says:

. . . a wilderness indeed,
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants.

His aim is not, and never has been, the suppression of Bolshevism. It is the erection of a racial domination over Europe and over the earth, with himself as the universal autocrat.

Peace while he is about will never visit us again. The only peace which he will allow is peace dictated by might.

HE himself has said it. "Peace can only come when one man has made himself master of the earth."

It sounds like the ravings of an asylum. But, insane as it sounds, it has already converted the whole world into an arsenal.

At whatever cost, Hitler must be destroyed as a mad dog is destroyed.

The mask with which he has hoodwinked the foolish so long is off.

If Germany cannot rid herself of this megalomaniac, then the world must do it for her.

Herr Von Ribbentrop. He told his Fuehrer no trouble need be expected from England

Don't Neglect Your Duty

THERE was going to be a fine surprise for Molly when she returned from her grandmother's house in the country.

Her mother and father had bought her a nightdress case—a very special one. It was a Giant Panda designed to sit up on the bed with its paws held to its funny black and white eyes.

Molly's mother was in the back kitchen getting the tea-things ready and wondering just what her little daughter would think of the lovely gift, when she was suddenly startled by an explosion from the living-room.

The woman dashed into the living-room and was met by clouds of steam. In a flash she realised what had happened—the hot-water boiler had burst.

Scalding water had spurted over the room. A fragment of metal had shattered the mirror. The hearthrug was covered with the sooty, steaming water.

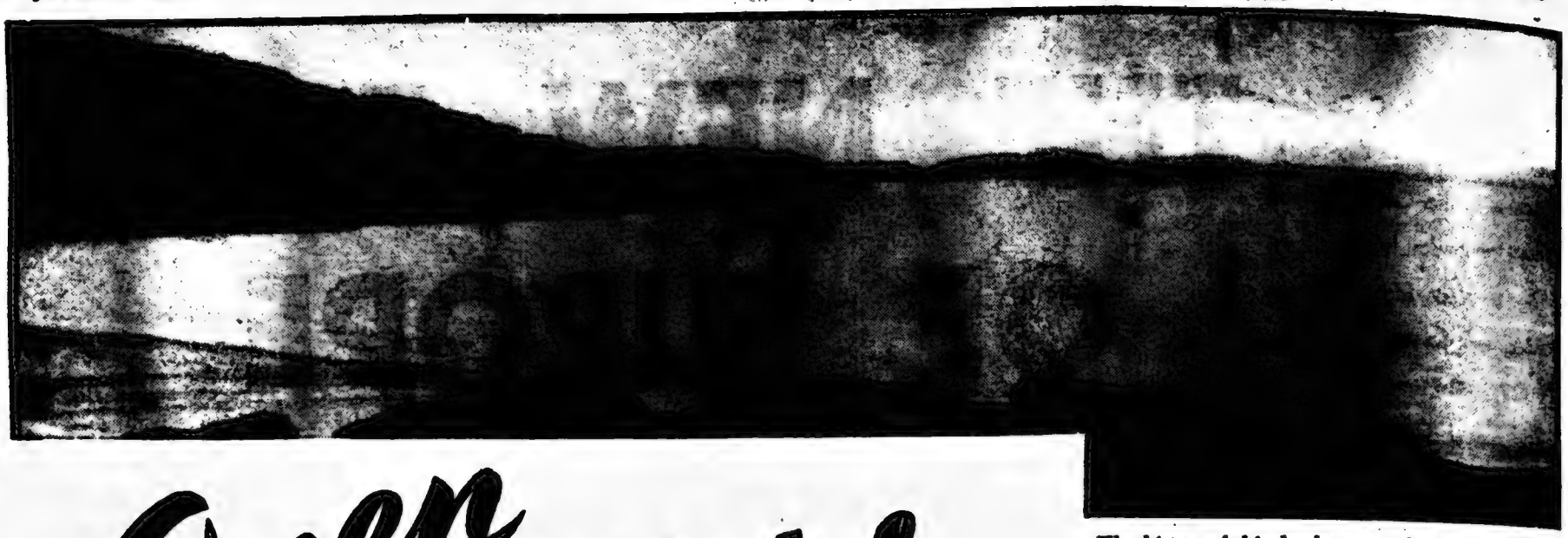
When her husband returned from work that evening he found her in tears.

But he seemed to take the misfortune lightly.

You see, he knew that he had qualified for JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance gift by filling in, and posting, a coupon cut from an issue a month before. And he knew that JOHN BULL would stand by him and make the damage good.

Nor was he disappointed. Soon after letting us have the details he received a cheque which covered all the damage to his furniture.

On page 31 of this issue there is a coupon which you ought to fill in. If you have not already done so, you ought to qualify under JOHN BULL'S unique scheme. It is a duty to your wife and to your children.



The history of this desolate scene is more important than the world of to-day—according to the Voice of Science

Open Letters

To The British Public—

FOR more than a week, you have withstood the greatest assault yet let loose at you in the War of Nerves.

Its intention was to break your morale, to transform you into trembling cowards. It was directed at you, even more than at our leaders.

In such terrible times, we must leave those leaders to decide our path for us. We can only follow and pray that their course may be right. Our duty in the past week was but to remain calm and unafraid.

The way in which you, the British public, fulfilled that duty has filled me with admiration. There were no jitters this time!

May I say, in profound congratulation, that you have made me more than ever proud to be one of you?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—You've forgotten something: the plight of motherless children.

When his wife died, a man engaged a housekeeper to care for his nine youngsters. Now he has lost his job and finds that he cannot get any "dole" allowance for the housekeeper.

That is an anomaly which should be removed at once.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. DORA BUTCHER,
Warren Lodge, Boxhill

WORTHY MADAM,—Excuse my sobs. My heart is wrung by the "cruelty" which you fear will be imposed on children who, if billeted in war time, must go "back to their own poor homes after living in refinement and perhaps luxury."

But I gather you are chiefly concerned for the retired elderly folk who would have to find refuge for them.

Shocking that their privacy should be invaded merely to save the young from being bombed to blazes! Indeed, the whole billeting scheme is a Communistic device of a Conservative Government!

I wonder. I even wonder if the muddled state of mind which you represent may not have influenced Communist Russia to prefer Nazism to democracy. —JOHN BULL.

Sir ALAN PIM,
Expert in Economics

DEAR SIR ALAN,—I can't allow you to hide your light under a bushel of dry official reports.

The public must be told how, when you went to Basutoland in 1935, you found a deficit of £6,000 and nothing left in the education fund.

Now the Colonial Office reports that, thanks to your reforms, this African colony has a surplus of £159,077, and its education fund a reserve of £34,066.

I suggest the Government should next invite you to tackle the problems of Newfoundland, the West Indies, Gambia, and those other black spots on the Empire's map. Perhaps we should see them wiped away at last.—JOHN BULL.

JAMES BLACKMORE,
Queen's Park, Birmingham

SIR,—Does your conscience keep you awake o' nights? Or is it blunted by indifference?

A young woman has died eight months after an accident in your car. The family she helped to support cannot obtain compensation because you failed to disclose a previous accident when you took out an insurance policy.

Such deceptions may not be unusual, but are none the less despicable.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Wm. Keeler can stab your complacency. He lives at Stanley, Co. Durham, in a colliery house that has been condemned.

"My wife and I and two children are sleeping in one bed, and my wife is expecting another child," he writes to the magistrates, adding that the family is forced to live in one room because the others let in the rain.

The Bench has ordered him to quit within three months.

Yet he has been trying for a whole year to find another house, and there are 2,000 names on the local council's waiting list.

Now, do you still say that your rehousing plan is doing marvellously?—JOHN BULL.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

GENTLEMEN,—If you allow Sunday play to the thousands of clubs under your control it will be the biggest decision in the history of the game.

Once Sunday football was frowned upon for religious reasons. A section of the public may still oppose it.

But as cinemas are now open on Sundays there is surely no justification for banning open-air sports.

At any rate, I commend you for considering the problem. Don't delay a decision!—JOHN BULL.

Sir ALBERT CHARLES SEWARD,
President, British Association

DEAR SIR ALBERT,—If these are the days that try men's souls, you scientists are the men who try our patience.

"The Western Isles Through the Mists of Ages"—the subject of your presidential address at this year's science parliament—may interest a handful of people.

Obviously, it has no relation to the world we live in and the problems which beset us all.

Year after year, your colleagues have talked of tackling those problems, of seeing that man's discoveries are not used to destroy us, of planning a more scientific and fairer use of the earth's riches.

They've talked, and talked, and done nothing.

A pity you choose to remind them of the misty past instead of the hideous present and a happier future! —JOHN BULL.

HOSPITAL GOVERNORS

GENTLEMEN,—Yet another needless hospital tragedy demands your attention.

A sister at Purdysburn Fever Hospital, near Belfast, instructed a nurse to prepare a heavy dose of morphia. It was intended for a man, but the nurse thought the sister meant it for a seventeen-months-old baby and administered it. The baby died.

Obviously, no drug should be administered unless the patient's name is actually mentioned in the instructions. Insist on this simple rule before more lives are lost!—JOHN BULL.

The LORDS COMMISSIONERS,
Treasury

GENTLEMEN,—Other people's lives evidently seem cheap to you.

A young man was burned to death at Woolwich Arsenal. Such extensive precautions have been taken since his death to prevent a similar accident that he may be said to have died to save others.

You have paid £50 compensation to his grief-stricken family. When they protested, you replied that you had been "generous."

That is not the word I should apply. And I regret that the State continues to set a poor example to mean-minded private employers.—JOHN BULL.

Lord MAUGHAM,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—Road hogs continue to tear through the law.

In one court last week, a motorist was convicted on the plainest evidence of cutting-in on a narrow road at night, causing a smash involving three cars.

He had been convicted of dangerous driving before; yet he was let off with a £5 fine.

The same Bench then imposed a £1 fine on a commercial traveller who left his car eighteen minutes in the street, no evidence of actual obstruction being given.

If obstruction merits a fine, dangerous driving merits jail. Tell our magistrates so!—JOHN BULL.

DRAPERS' CHAMBER OF TRADE

DEAR SIRS,—Thanks for a bright note in the week's news.

Your decision to form a pensions scheme for shop workers will give hope of a comfortable retirement to an army of people who know too painfully that thousands of their former colleagues are now existing miserably on the old age pension in cheap back rooms.

And I shall not be content until every section of trade and industry adopts such a scheme.—JOHN BULL.

"GENERAL LIGHTNING"

Hannen Swaffer is just back from Poland. He has returned full of admiration for the people who are bearing the full brunt of Nazi terrorism. Specially does he admire their leader, Marshal Smigly-Rydz. An artist, philosopher, and soldier, Smigly-Rydz is determined to keep his country free. A united nation supports him in that resolve

"Poland's First Citizen." He has the face of an artist, not of a conspirator or a revolutionary

By SWAFFER

IF, in 1918, Trenchard had become Lord Boom-Trenchard, we should have laughed.

Yet we read of Marshal Smigly-Rydz without a smile, not realising that the Smigly (now hyphened and part of his official name) means "Lightning" or "Swift," and was a *nom de guerre* he used during the war to disguise his activities from the Germans.

It symbolised in a word his daring strokes.

Josef Pilsudski had been imprisoned by the Germans in a villa in Magdeburg. Smigly carried on, leading the secret Polish military organisation, helping to kill the morale of the German Army and hasten its retreat and evacuation.

Many people in England regard Smigly-Rydz as a dictator.

In a sense that is true, because, although nominally Inspector-General of the Polish Army, he is the real power behind the junta of soldiers who control the Government.

This junta rules more benevolently than you would expect of an oligarchy. They earned their place. They were under the leadership of Marshal Pilsudski, one of the greatest men of his generation — I say this in spite of what I may think of his political opinions. And under his leadership they emancipated their country.

They set it on the road which, with peace, promised to lead to modern democracy.

You must not think of Smigly-Rydz as a tyrant. Because of his country's peril he now has the support of a united Poland.

He walks unattended through the streets. He lives simply. He is likeable. He smiles. Poland, indeed, owes much to him and to his colleagues.

THEY are, in this hour of crisis, well fitted to lead their country. Indeed, if they take advantage of the national unity which is now established, and if they respond to the demands of the minorities, broaden the basis of Parliament and give the Press freedom, they will have a State of which every Pole may be proud.

LIKE WINSTON CHURCHILL, SMIGLY-RYDZ IS AN ARTIST. HE WOULD LIKE TO BE THOUGHT ONE. DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO HE SPENT HIS TIME PAINTING IN THE STREETS.

He little dreamed, then, that the death of Pilsudski, who was his inspiration, his mentor, his idol, would make him, in Europe's crisis, one of the most important men in the world.

A few weeks ago I heard Smigly-Rydz addressing 200,000 Poles. They took an oath to defend their land to the end, if war came, and to work unitedly for their country if peace continued.

It was incredible to think that in 1914 Smigly-Rydz, now the hero of that great throng, was an amateur soldier being drilled by Pilsudski with a few score others on that very spot!

"Only if Germany defeats Russia, and then France defeats Germany, can Poland become free," Pilsudski had declared, a few weeks before, in Paris.

SO, when war started, he led a small body of fewer than 200 men to fight for the Austrians against the hated Russia which had sent him to Siberia for five years and then condemned him to a jail from which he escaped.

It was a madman's dream that came true.

The young artist Rydz was one of Pilsudski's band. Trained as a sharpshooter by Pilsudski himself, he became a brilliant soldier. Rydz means mushroom. His fame, indeed, rose almost in a night.

It was in the Battle of Warsaw, however, that Smigly-Rydz earned his enduring fame. The Bolsheviks in 1920 had invaded Poland.

They advanced within a few miles of the new capital.

Pilsudski marched to challenge them with an army inferior in numbers but resolute in will. He won, outside Warsaw, what Lord d'Abernon described as "the eighteenth decisive battle of the world." It was Pilsudski's plan, but, more than anyone, Smigly-Rydz carried it out.

That day they stopped Communism from spreading right across Europe. More than that, they saved a young country which, this year, was to stand up defiantly against German aggression when nearly all the rest of Europe was afraid of it.

Hitler, breaking his non-aggression pact with Poland, demanded Danzig, the free city, as part of the Reich. Poland defied him.

And, since the control of Danzig meant the mastery of the Baltic, and, if it were in German hands, a possible domination of Europe, France and Britain had to stand behind Poland. "No more Munichs," they said.

So it was on Smigly-Rydz and the army he was building up that the future of Europe seemed to rely. At the army headquarters—standing in a boulevard which reminds you of the Champs Elysées—he worked, night and day, his finger almost on every soldier's button.

You cannot think of Smigly-Rydz as a dictator when you see him among the populace. For two hours I stood only a few yards from him when he saw a march past of the Legionaries who had won Poland's independence. They dipped their innumerable standards. They saluted. They cheered.

And all the time Smigly-Rydz smiled, not condescendingly, but as though he were still one of them.

It was a cavalcade of Poland's heroic past; one that went back so far that I saw among the others, riding because of their years, three very old men who took part in the Polish insurrection of 1863. One looked so frail and small that I thought he was a woman.

Now, if you think Poland is cocky and self-assertive, you must remember that for 120 years she endured the ruthless tyranny of Russia, the brutal dragooning of Germany, and the cunning artfulness of Austria.

Now for twenty years she has been free. And she prefers death, yes, annihilation, rather than submission to a Nazidom which she hates and dreads.

When Pilsudski was dying, Smigly-Rydz was the last man to visit him. He spent hours in the old man's room, learning his plans for the future, drawing inspiration from him, right to the end. So it is that he wears Pilsudski's mantle.

People smiled when, not long ago, the Polish Prime Minister officially proclaimed him as "Poland's first citizen." That meant that he ranked next to the President himself, and that all State officials, even the Prime Minister, were to obey him.

Still, Smigly-Rydz has not used this for his own advantage. His face, despite his close-shaven head, is that of an artist, not of a conspirator or a revolutionary.

Born of peasant stock, he held Liberal opinions when he was young, and many of these he still retains.

Poland has long had an eight-hour day. Even its maidservants enjoy holidays with pay. Social reforms of many kinds have been introduced, in spite of the poverty of the land. A new Warsaw is being built.

NOW Poland, until the last few months, was split with dissension.

The Ukrainians, who number more than 4,000,000, were demanding the establishment of a Ukrainian State. Certainly they had many grievances. The peasants were complaining bitterly of their economic plight. The Socialists had refused to take part in the last election.

Then, suddenly, because of the German threat, all these united behind the Government.

SMIGLY-RYDZ, IF PEACE CONTINUED, HAD THE GREAT CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

You see everywhere in Poland three portraits side by side in shops, homes and public buildings.

In the centre is the President, and on each side portraits of Pilsudski and Smigly-Rydz. One is the head of the State. One is the man who brought it into being. And the third—Smigly-Rydz—is the artist, philosopher, and soldier, who is determined to keep it free.

Down on Wilderness Farm

The Good Earth — 2 —

Two million acres of fertile land have become desolate weed fields. A typical farmer, waging a bitter struggle to protect his crops, gives the reason—and the remedy.

WEEDS? When I spoke about them to the man who was cutting the wayside grass in the Hampshire village of Barton Tracey, I thought he would attack me with his scythe.

"They've choked this village," he told me. "Killed it stone dead."

He asked me whether I had travelled by road from Andover way. And, as it happened, I had.

That is why I had stopped to question him.

I had motored through three miles of weeds. On the right of me, they had extended as far as the eye could see. On the left, they had made an almost unbroken panorama.

There were fields yellow with ragwort, which spells death to cattle that eat it.

There were other fields white with the downy heads of giant thistles.

Hedgerows had encroached to the very middle of fields.

Dog-roses wandered everywhere.

"You have seen it for yourself?" asked the man with the scythe. "Three thousand acres of it. Eight times as big as Hyde Park, I'm told. It means ruin to farming.

"I mind the time when you could walk for miles through the corn here—such corn as you don't often see. This village was alive with young men earning their living off the land.

"To-day—well, look round. You won't see many young men.

"And if you want to know why—well, travel out of the village by which way you like and you'll see the reason. Weeds, weeds, weeds."

I SET out again. For an hour and a half I walked, sometimes breast-high, sometimes merely ankle-deep, in weeds.

How to find the full story of this deadly crop? My eye lit on a prosperous-looking farm in the main street. Farmer Read's place.

Farmer Read, I was told, spent a great part of his life stemming the tide of weeds that lapped at his land from the neglected fields round about.

"He's out in the meadows behind the George Inn at Long Parish," said Mrs. Read. "You'll see a man driving a reaper. That will be him.

"He will be working till nine to-night.

"He'll tell you all about weeds. Why!"—she indicated her children playing on the lawn—"those youngsters have been blistered by them, and the blisters don't seem to disappear. No end of people have been poisoned by them."

So, down roads bordered by weed-infested land, I went to Long Parish, four miles distant. And there, behind "The George," just as Mrs. Read said, was Farmer Read.

He was encircling the last patch of uncut corn. And men armed with guns were waiting to blaze away at the rabbits that would scurry away when the last bit of corn fell.

A sudden blazing of guns that cost forty rabbits, two hares and a rat their lives—and Farmer Read was at last approachable.

As burly as Wallace Beery is Farmer Read. And not unlike him facially. But this king of 700 Hampshire acres is as intelligent and well-spoken as any city professional man.

Weeds spread "like a plague that no one can stop, carrying ruin as it moves." And the plough is left to rust in idleness

Very suspiciously, he asked me why I had come to Hampshire in search of weeds. "Every farmer hates them. Every farmer is ashamed of them. So why pick on this county in particular?"

So then I explained that it was not meant as any sort of indictment of Hampshire farmers in particular.

"After all, I could easily have found worse places," I told him. "The Minister of Agriculture did a 200 miles' tour in search of neglected farms last month, and it was to Suffolk that he went."

"As long as you don't think we are the only county with weeds," commented Farmer Read, and then began his story.

It was eleven years ago when Farmer Read came to work the land at Barton Tracey.

Thousands of acres were weed-ridden then, although not so badly as now.

The rot had set in some years before—round about 1920, when the war-time farming boom ended, and profits fell to such a low level that it paid certain landowners to let their land stay idle and so save the tithe.

Farm labourers were the first to be hit. You can see their empty and decaying cottages to-day, last surviving memorial of the time when thousands of sheep grazed in the local fields and crops were something to stop and admire as you passed.

SOON farmhouses began to disappear brick by brick.

"Although I am blaming nobody," says Farmer Read, "I feel bitter about the way other farmers have been left to suffer.

"You can't just let three thousand acres of land go to weed and leave it at that.

"As the seeds blow about I and other farmers, many of them in a very small way of business, have to fight all the time to clear the weeds from our land. It is a continual anxiety, a continual expense.

"The county council is quick to serve notices telling farmers to clear their weeds, and the farmers who are the victims of these neglected estates are quick to obey.

"But we wish the county councils were a bit more efficient in keeping their own road verges free of weeds. These pest crops spread from field to field along the roads.

"IT is like some slow-spreading plague that nobody can stop, carrying ruin as it moves."

The burly farmer pointed to a small, uncut field of grain. "Look at the ears," he said. It was easy to see that much of the grain had been eaten away.

"Rabbits," he said.

The townsman may not quickly associate rabbits with weeds, but the farmer knows the link—to his cost.

"Let big estates go sour, as they are allowed to do all over the country, and you are getting more and more sanctuaries for rabbits and other vermin," explains Mr. Read.

"But these sanctuaries, bearing only crops of weeds, have nothing to offer the vermin in the way of food," he said. "And so they invade the cornfields.

"The more derelict land there is, the more rabbits, and the less cultivated land for them to prey on. And so the farmer struggling to keep in business finds it harder and harder to do so."

I took a closer look at the crop Farmer Read showed me. At one corner of the field nearly all the ears were eaten away.

"At a time when your corn is fetching less than at any other time in the last three hundred years, and it is a nightmare competing with high-paying aerodrome and army camp contractors to get labour, you don't want much of that," he said bitterly.

He has completely wired in much of his 700 acres—at great expense. But still the depredations go on.

There will be no remedy until these waste lands are back in cultivation. That will take years, he says, even if a start is made at once.

But how can they be got back into cultivation?

Farmer Read would say nothing about whatever rights or wrongs attach to tithes. He would not indulge in attacks on farmers who say that under the tithe system they cannot afford to work the land. He feels they know their own business best.

But it puzzles him, as it will puzzle many other people, that despite the many Acts of Parliament with which they are armed both the Ministry of Agriculture and the Hampshire County Council find it impossible to compel farmers to keep the weeds down.

They have insisted on it, as they are supposed to be able to. But when the farmers just refuse there is little that they can do.

In one case the county council had 700 acres of land rid of weeds and tried to recover the cost from the owner. They are supposed to have powers to do that.

But when those powers were tested they failed to get the money. Legal difficulties made recovery impossible.

And so the weeds grow and thicken and spread.

The real remedy? Better prices for produce, says this Hampshire farmer. Prices that will enable the farmer to meet the financial demands that are made on him, pay good wages and still have a bit left for his own pocket.

HOW necessary it is to the country in these days that this solution should come quickly.

For all the way back to London I was coming acros similar scenes of desolation.

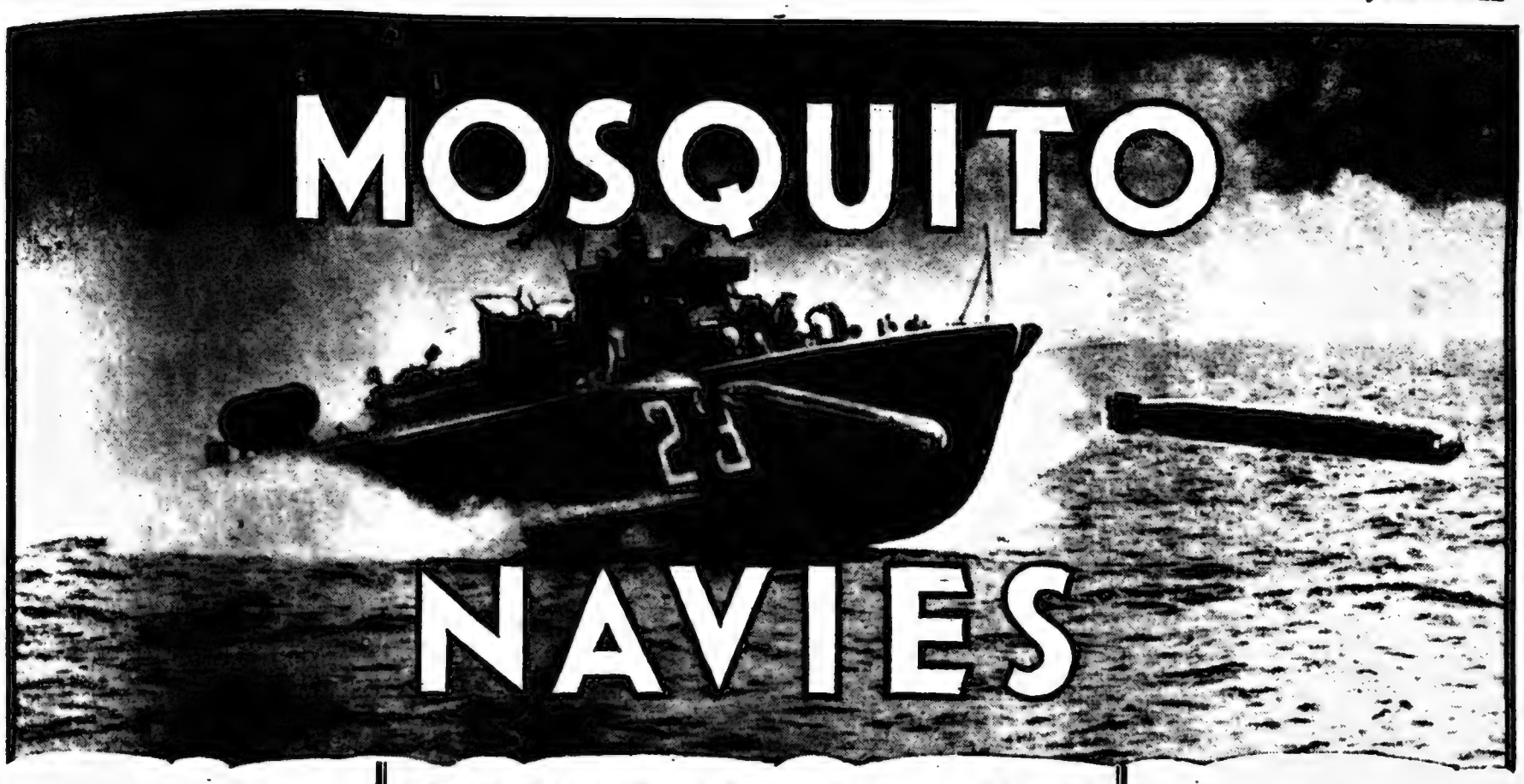
I saw pastures that have become waving seas of dandelions, ragwort, thistles, yarrow and wild parsnip.

And according to one authoritative estimate there are two million acres like that in this country, which accounts—quite apart from all other considerations—for a national shortage of twenty million sheep.

Two million acres is enough, in all conscience.

Must it involve half of Britain before the Government gives farmers a proper incentive to recover all derelict land?

MOSQUITO NAVIES



When Sir Malcolm Campbell set up his new world marine speed record of 141.74 m.p.h. it was announced that "developments of national importance can now be expected in connection with naval craft."

What are these developments? How can a speedboat roaring across Coniston Water, in the Lake District, affect Britain's destiny on the high seas? This article tells you the answers.

H.M.S. Motor Torpedo Boat No. 102, the Navy's latest, fastest, and smallest fighting unit, is four feet longer than a cricket pitch.

It has a Flying Scorpion badge, and can cripple a £10,000,000 battleship with its "sting."

No 102 is a foundation member of Britain's new midget fleet. It is a forerunner of the world's deadly little navies of the future.

Steadily we are building up a fleet of speed-boats that will be the envy of every other Sea Power.

Miniature streamlined warships, of 18 and 38 tons, equipped with engines that drive them through the water at 60 m.p.h., they have magnificent sea-going qualities and, for their size, unparalleled hitting power.

The latest have a crew of one or two officers and six men. Biggest of them have a range of 1,000 miles at a cruising speed of 22 knots.

They are equipped with smoke-screen apparatus, depth charges, anti-aircraft guns and two 21-in. torpedoes or four 18-in.

AND even faster ones are coming along—boats which will be able to outstrip the fastest destroyer.

Ultimately a fleet of them will be based at each of our overseas stations. Some have already gone to the Mediterranean and to China. Others are destined for Singapore.

Aware of their great value in coastal defence, their economy—about eleven can be built for the cost of one destroyer—and their value for surprise attacks on enemy fleets, especially at night, the big Powers are racing to assemble these mosquito craft.

RUSSIA is believed to have the biggest fleet of all. She is reported to have at least 160 for coastal operations in the Baltic, the Black Sea, and in the approaches to her Far Eastern stronghold of Vladivostock.

They would make the occupation of the much-disputed Aaland Islands, dominating the Gulf of Finland, a most uncomfortable business for Germany unless Russia was acquiescent.

GERMANY has probably half as many, for use principally in the Baltic and round re-fortified Heligoland.

ITALY, with a long and highly vulnerable coastline, is said to have about 100.

She would also use them in war to threaten Mediterranean trade routes.

Not long ago Mussolini sought to impress us by sending out a formation of his new "sea sleds." These frail craft, much inferior to Britain's "mosquitoes," crossed and recrossed the narrows at over 70 knots.

But our Navy was not impressed. Too much had been sacrificed to mere speed, said the experts.

FRANCE, which possesses some of the fastest destroyers afloat, has so far not seriously entered the race. The same may be said of America, whose coastlines are comparatively secure from attack, and of distant Japan.

Though there are at present other midget fleets larger than ours, Britain need not worry. She will outstrip her rivals.

We hold the water-speed record, and our designers are pre-eminent in their sphere.

A new type, designed and built by the British Power Company, of Hythe, Southampton, put up a remarkable performance when she was tried out on Southampton Water earlier this year.

With three 1,000-h.p. Rolls-Royce-Power-Merlin main engines, giving her a speed approaching 50 knots, her acceleration was tremendous.

SHE increased from ten knots to full speed in under ten seconds, and reduced to eight knots in three seconds!

Eighteen seconds are enough for her to alter course 180 degrees at full speed.

Even when attacked by planes these little craft are as elusive as gnats.

They can, for instance, "skid" 20 ft. in perfect safety. They can maintain high speed in a heavy sea and in such conditions can often see without being seen.

Low, streamlined, highly manœuvrable, they present an almost impossible target for other surface craft.

And a new gear, just developed by Lord Nuffield, will increase the difficulties of enemy gunners.

Using it a boat travelling at full speed can virtually go straight into reverse.

During the trial in Southampton Water, the boat, running on one engine, slipped through the water in silence at seven knots.

Imagine a night attack . . . a swarm of speed-boats gliding towards unsuspecting enemy ships for a torpedo salvo at short range . . . 10 seconds later darting away at 60 miles an hour.

These are the formidable successors to the frail C.M.B. and M.L. boats of the Great War—and *they* more than justified themselves.

Two C.M.B.s entered the harbour during the Zeebrugge raid and torpedoed a ship alongside the Mole.

Another dashed in under heavy fire and laid a smoke screen for the approach of the *Vindictive*.

Then there were the two C.M.B.s, each 40 ft. long and having a speed of only 15 knots with full war load, that were sent to Lake Tanganyika, in East Africa, where they sank three enemy gunboats and captured a fourth.

To reach Lake Tanganyika, these two boats, *Mimi* and *Touaou*, were shipped across the ocean, carried 150 miles through the bush by natives, towed 200 miles up rivers, and transported 190 miles by rail.

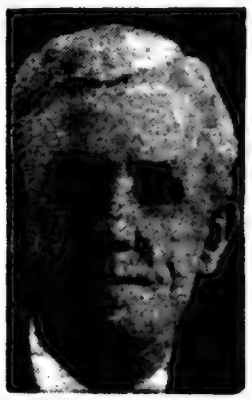
They were taken over mountains 6,000 ft. above sea level, and in one place the tractors conveying them were hauled by cattle.

MAKING 150 special bridges and thirty miles of road were just items on the way.

To-day you may see one of these war veterans moored snugly in a backwater, ending her life as a houseboat. No doubt she deserves to rest after such faithful service.

But meanwhile Britain goes on designing, improving, building, so that one day her mosquito navy may be cruising the seas at a hundred miles an hour, ever watchful, ever ready to defend us.

"Greatest of These . . ."



Joseph Plevin served right through the Great War.

ONLY when they are desperate do ailing ex-Servicemen ask the help of JOHN BULL readers.

Remember, when you read our Greatest of These appeals, that they are the last hope of old soldiers who often feel forsaken by the country they once protected.

Take the case of Joseph Plevin. He served in France from 1914 till the end of the war. He was discharged with gunshot wounds and gastritis.

It is impossible for him to obtain a proper diet and pay his rent on his very small pension and unemployment pay.

In despair he appealed to our Fund for assistance.

We earnestly request our readers to be as generous as possible. Donations should be earmarked "Despondent," and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from "Wanderer," Cape Town; 10s. from Anon (Wirral), 10s. from "Grateful" (Falkirk), and 1s. 6d. from "Hump-Pire."

By price-cutting and unfair trading a few aliens are spoiling British hospitality for the rest

Black Sheep Refugees

ALIEN guests of this country are abusing its hospitality. They are eating our meals and pocketing our spoons.

The selfishness of a minority, probably just as anti-social before they had to flee the Black Terror, is causing a serious refugee problem.

Most of the unfortunate people who have been driven from their homes, to find refuge here, are enriching this country culturally.

But there are a number who are spoiling British hospitality for the rest.

Some of them, having managed to rescue part of their money from Germany, have used it to start businesses here on lines reminiscent of British industry before the Dock Strike.

Some industries are already becoming black-listed trades owing to their operations.

Refugees who have settled in certain East Anglian towns are paying British women at the rate of 3½d. an hour to make articles in their own homes.

It is a reversion to the old home-work evil that made the East End of London notorious for sweated industries.

Women have to work for two hours making goods which are sold in the shops for 6s. 11d.

They are paid by the refugee-employer 7s. 6d. for a dozen articles. Owing to the rough texture of the materials used, some of the work is physically painful.

Out of every 15s. earned the employer stops 3d. for insurance, and the women have to pay their own fares—or cycle—to the town to deliver their work.

Several trade unions have, naturally, protested. "This situation is threatening the standard of British workers," an official declared the other day.

When Germany's bullying caused refugees to seek asylum in this country, the Distressed Areas Commission of the Government thought it saw a stone to kill two birds at once.

Here is a hard-working refugee. She is determined to do everything to repay the country that has given her succour. Why should a few selfish refugees wreck her efforts?

SO facilities were provided for the establishment of factories which could be operated by aliens with a little capital and also provide work for British unemployed.

It does not seem to have worked out well.

There is a small factory in the North, for instance, which was erected by the Government under the Distressed Areas Relief Scheme.

IT IS CONTROLLED BY SIX GERMAN REFUGEES, TWO OF WHOM HAVE BECOME NATURALISED, AND EMPLOYS 60 BRITISH GIRLS. THEY WERE BEING PAID AN AVERAGE OF 8s. A WEEK.

The women's wear industry is already endangered by refugees who are not trade unionists—and who are ignorant of our standards. They are becoming virtual blacklegs.

Good piece-workers would earn from £5 to £8 a week for the work which refugees are doing for £3 and less.

It has taken British trade unions 70 years to bring wage and working conditions up to their present levels. The black sheep refugees have endangered those conditions in a few months. By doing so they have involved themselves, and the good refugees, in general unpopularity.

Here is an example: Through the medium of a recent advertisement in the *Cabinet Maker*, a number of refugees sought jobs, in skilled occupations, and offered to work for 30s. per week!

In one case two refugees escaped from Germany with enough capital to start a pencil-making business here.

They paid low wages and tried to under-sell British manufacturers.

Organised British pencil makers started enquiries and found that refugee salesmen were selling "an equivalent of the fourpenny pencil" for very much below the gross wholesale price.

After more enquiries they discovered that the "equivalent" of the British fourpenny pencil was an exact replica of the British penny pencil!

BRITISH TRADERS, MANY OF WHOM HAVE BEEN VERY GENEROUS IN THEIR SUPPORT OF THE UNFORTUNATE "GUESTS," ARE BECOMING BITTER.

Those in Hampstead, where there is a record number of refugees, are complaining of unfair competition from the very people to whom the borough has opened its arms.

One of the refugees was discovered by the sanitary inspector using a living apartment on Shoot-Up Hill as a place of business, in direct contravention of statutory regulations.

THE entrance lobby had been turned into a miniature factory where chocolate wafers were being made.

The sitting-room was the office, and the bedroom by day was a packing "warehouse." The "factory" did not conform to Home Office regulations, and the dangers to health were obvious.

This refugee was operating under a Home Office permit. Another in a neighbouring street had Home Office permission to use her living apartment for millinery work, providing she made hats only for her friends and relatives.

She must have had a great many friends, for she employed three girls continuously!

The Hampstead Chamber of Commerce view the question of permits as a serious menace to shopkeepers in the district, and have written to the Home Office protesting against such permits being granted.

Because of the flood of refugees, Hampstead is faced with an overcrowding problem so great that its full extent cannot be officially estimated.

On the front door of several houses are a dozen bell-pushes, each bearing the name of a different alien family living there.

WHOLE families are living in one room.

Tuberculosis is relatively uncommon among German and Austrian refugees, reports Dr. H. Leslie Oldenshaw, the Medical Officer of Health for Hampstead, but there are unmistakable signs that refugees in his district are falling victims to the disease.

"There seems a distinct possibility of its becoming very much more prevalent," the doctor adds. Without doubt, Hampstead's British population is endangered.

The difficulties of dealing with this danger—and it is to be found in other provincial cities—are stressed by Dr. Oldenshaw.

"In some cases," he writes, "the affected people are temporarily housed in boarding houses or in flats where they cannot be satisfactorily isolated, and many of them are, unfortunately, destitute and in urgent need of institutional treatment.

"In this country, when the tuberculous patient changes his address, his notification and his medical dossier are transferred to the Public Health Department at his new place of residence.

"This valuable public health measure does not operate in the case of foreign immigrants. It would appear that due consideration will have to be given to this question in the near future."

This is plain warning indeed.

Some refugees deliberately suppress the fact that they are tubercular—and therefore highly infectious—under the mistaken fear that the British authorities will refuse them entry.

One child in North London had chicken pox, and the parents tried to treat it at home through fear of discovery.

When at last the Medical Officer of Health got to know, he had to order three other children to hospital, as they also had become infected.

Another scandal arises from the fact that, after years have been spent in weeding out "basement factories," refugees are starting one-man businesses down area steps and in the basements of scores of London houses!

An advance of £250 was obtained by one alien "guest" from his landlord for stock when he took up the tenancy.

With this money he visited the markets where salvaged "fire" goods, "bankrupt stocks" and other forms of cut-price commodities can be bought. He has done so well that he has lately opened three other shops.

Scotland Yard has already been called on to investigate the dubious operations of several refugee black sheep. In one case a man who claimed to possess a certain invention has duped several people of large sums of money.

AN elderly woman, living in Kensington, is one of his victims. She still has faith in the alien who has extracted several hundreds of pounds from her.

Detectives at Vine Street have been making enquiries about another man who has been buying up property since he was allowed to come here about eight months ago.

He lets his premises to attractive women of foreign origin at exorbitant rentals, and is indifferent to the fact that the tenants are running them as dens of vice.

"BLACK SHEEP" REFUGEES SHOULD BE COMPELLED TO SEEK REFUGE OUTSIDE BRITAIN. WE DO NOT WANT THEM.

Nor do their honest countrymen, who are striving to repay hospitality with hard work and good citizenship.

JOHN BULL Exposes the Mean Tricks of

"O.H.M.S." CROOKS

THE meanest of all crooks—those who prey on the fears of their fellow citizens—are exploiting these troubled times.

Passing themselves off as "Government Officials," they are travelling the country and deceiving people with all kinds of impudent propositions.

Crisis crooks, if they are to be successful, must work with originality. The new "O.H.M.S." cheats mould their plans on up-to-date lines. Topicality is their watchword.

One ingenious rogue, who is known to the international police by many names, and has lately used the alias of "James Robert Baxter," has cleverly cashed in recently.

Carrying a document supposed to have come from the War Office, he has been telling people that he is connected with a philanthropic organisation, formed privately, to provide souvenirs of all important military functions.

It sounds ridiculous, but "Baxter" told his story so well that none of his dupes doubted his word.

The enterprise with which he was connected, he said, was being sponsored by certain famous people with the object of giving the officers and men concerned in special military displays gifts which they would treasure for all time.

From different tradespeople—jewellers principally—he obtained watches, rings and other articles of value. He paid by cheques, which soon came back from the bank dishonoured.

Many complaints have also been lodged with Scotland Yard and the provincial police about a cultured ne'er-do-well who has been going about Essex under the name of "Howe."

Not long ago he rented an office at Midland Bank Chambers, Southend-on-Sea, and posed as a contractor with great influence at the War Office.

One dupe at least has had an almost incredible experience and is poorer by thousands of pounds.

"It's Secret," He Said

"Howe" introduced himself as a Government inspector "with executive powers," and said that he had the approval of the War Office to fix contracts for the removal of ammunition from one place to another.

His duties "kept him in close touch with the highest authorities at Woolwich Arsenal."

To wheedle money from his victim, Howe promised that he could give him a tender to move 2,000 tons of ammunition from Woolwich Arsenal to a secret destination. He urged upon the victim the need for secrecy.

"Not a word must be said to anyone about routes, dates, meeting places or journeys," he stressed. "The Official Secrets Act governs all my work."

It all sounded so convincing.

Before the deal came off, Howe, addressing letters to himself from an office he had taken in the name of "Stokes," got more money on the pretext that he had to go to Yorkshire to attend a conference concerning a War Office tender for more than £70,000.

His victim was so impressed that he actually ordered several expensive lorries with which to carry out the work he believed he was undertaking for the War Office.

A man knocks at the door, says he is a local A.R.P. warden. Ask him for proof of his identity; he may be a crook

The "Inspector" Is Versatile

Before he vanished with his spoils, Howe even had the impertinence to send a telegram to his victim saying: "Tender accepted. Instructions follow. Signals, London."

"Inspector Wolfe"—again a criminal with many assumed names—is another of these "O.H.M.S." crooks against whom Scotland Yard is pitting its wits.

He pretends that he is engaged on a house-to-house inspection, and it is his reticence that makes him so successful.

His story varies, but it always has something to do with billeting. He contrives to be left alone in a house, ransacks the rooms and vanishes with the plunder.

Many crooks are working a racket known to Scotland Yard as the "ration trick."

Housewives should be specially on their guard against this particular ramp. It is being carried out on a widespread scale and complaints have been made to the police in all parts of the country.

Here is the routine:

A man knocks at the door, says he is a local A.R.P. warden. Then he makes a fake investigation and suddenly asks: "Has the necessary food been stored?"

During the interview a document headed "A.R.P." is produced to impress the dupe. It is flourished with official complacence.

In most cases, of course, the woman says "No."

Then the crook darts to his car. He returns with a large cardboard box. "Here is food to the value of £2," he says. "It will fix you up temporarily."

If the housewife demurs the bogus warden tells her, in his most officious tone, that he will have to report her to the local authorities.

So she gives in. And so do many of her neighbours.

The same sort of thing happens with worthless "outfits" and medicinal contraptions which "Government officials" and "A.R.P." adventurers push on to frightened people.

Men go from house to house asking to see the gas-masks which have been issued. They produce a badge and say that they have to test the efficiency of the protector.

After their feigned investigations they ask whether the "usual medical outfit" has been delivered from the local Health Committee.

Of course, it hasn't!

Distinguished, But a Rogue

Again a parcel is brought from the waiting car, and prices from 5s. to 30s. are charged for what turns out to be nothing more valuable than cotton-wool, plasters, iodine, and a concoction of oils.

An unusual number of military impostors have been busy lately. One has been masquerading in the name of "Captain Robert Baker."

Baker is a man with eight previous convictions for fraud. His fine stature and distinguished appearance never betray his past.

According to his story, he is supposed to be a man of means who has taken to the Army as "a profession." But in the guise of being a War Office "giant" he has deluded many people, one a woman from whom he has received considerable sums of money.

He told her he was about to inherit a fortune of £20,000, with a further sum of £10,000 when his mother died.

There are other "O.H.M.S." crooks who pose as Inland Revenue Inspectors. One was in Manchester a day or two ago, and gave the name of "Roland Lee." His duty, he said, was to check up the accounts and invoices of shopkeepers.

When the shopkeepers' backs were turned "Inspector Lee" stole money and anything else of value he could lay his hands on.

Records show that he has been convicted of fraud at Brighton, Scarborough, Hull and Barnsley.

Many more scoundrels are playing the same "tax inspector" trick.

In the West Country another rogue has been busy. He is supposed to be the inventor of a submarine device to be used by the Admiralty.

He carried notepaper bearing the Admiralty crest.

The Admiralty, he said, had agreed to pay him £8,000 for his invention. But the people from whom he had obtained money have received nothing. They never will.

The list of touring "O.H.M.S." impostors is almost endless.

There are people who advertise Government jobs. Some ask for premiums; others appear to issue their announcements for much more obscure purposes.

Our Advice to Householders

A representative recently investigated the operations of a man who was advertising for women (young) for "emergency Government work." He told applicants that he was connected with a Government department.

But this department of State knew nothing about the man, and his operations were naturally regarded as suspicious.

Finally, there are the "O.H.M.S." tricksters who "sell" fire extinguishers with unfounded "official" backing, and the bogus officials who are about to start big building or buying operations in the district.

There are the Air Ministry impostors who—working in a town where there are firms with Government contracts—take rooms and rob their landlords.

Remember that all genuine Government officials can easily provide proof of their bona-fides if asked to do so.

Our advice to all is—Ask for a card of authority from anyone who calls suddenly with propositions like those we have outlined here.

It is the only safeguard in these critical days.

YOU'LL LIKE IT

Husbands will soon be "shadowed" by "detective" wives in millions of homes in Britain, and whole families will enjoy the "show-down."

It will be part of the sensational new Crime Club Card Game.

There are 50 full-size cards in full colours, and any number from two to six can play with one pack. You can learn this game easily, and to help you there is a book with rules and full directions with each pack.

The Crime Club Card Game will be obtainable from stationers and fancy goods dealers for only 2s. 6d., on Friday, September 1.

Order a pack, and give the family hours of riotous entertainment!

This was Britain's position when armies lined up last week in the mad rivalry of

TEN MILLIO MARCHING

EUROPEAN mankind has lived in fear of the Second World War for six years—ever since the League of Nations system finished.

To end that fear vast treasure has been lavished on the building up of armaments and the training and equipment of marching men.

Until—in 1939—war budgets of the seven principal countries have reached the colossal total of £3,500 millions. £3,500 millions for one year alone.

There are four main forces involved in a modern war—navies, armies, aircraft, and economic or industrial power.

There is also a fifth—the imponderable factor—which cannot be properly assessed. It concerns the respective qualities of men, of their equipment and strategical positions. It is important, but we shall leave it to the last.

NAVIES

	Tons
Germany	500,000
Italy	650,000
Spain	125,000
Hungary	Nil
? Yugoslavia	Nil
Total European "Axis"	1,275,000
Great Britain	2,250,000
France	750,000
Poland	100,000
? Rumania	100,000
? Belgium	10,000
Turkey	200,000
Total "Peace Front"	3,410,000

FIRST—THE NAVIES.—Here Britain is indisputably in the leadership. The Royal Navy is powerful enough to wreck any two European navies single-handed.

It is not merely a matter of aggregate tonnage, though the table on this page speaks for itself. It is also a matter of units and technique.

Britain has 12 capital ships; Italy has four and Germany none. We also have seven nearing completion, against seven building for the two Axis powers. France has five capital ships and four building. No other European country has a capital ship.

We have more cruisers in commission than have all the fleets of Europe combined. We have more building than all those fleets, whether in commission or otherwise.

All down the scale of ships Britain has similar superiority in numbers. In defence as well as in attack she has the strength of numbers. Germany and Italy, for instance, possess about 160 submarines between them for raiding enemy mercantile ships.

But Britain and France have more than 200 specialist anti-submarine vessels apart from destroyers and the like, as well as 180 submarines in commission and building.

LEAVING OUT RUSSIA, WHO HAS NOW DECLARED HERSELF NEUTRAL IN ANY POSSIBLE CONFLICT, THE OTHER POWERS—WHETHER FRIENDLY TO THE DEMOCRACIES OR OTHERWISE—DO NOT COUNT FOR MUCH IN THE NAVAL SENSE.

Poland and Greece are armed chiefly with destroyers and a few old cruisers or river gunboats. What is left of the Spanish Fleet did not make much of a showing in the civil war.

Turkey's Fleet is effective, but it is still brand-new; and there are rumours that much of the material supplied by Krupp and the German shipyards is poor in quality.

According to many experts, and assuming that the Axis position holds, Britain's naval strategic position has worsened since 1914.

The Mediterranean line is weaker. But the greatly increased strengths of the Franco-British Fleets can be offset against that.

As a fighting weapon—that is, in gunnery and efficiency of ships and personnel—both the British and French navies are immensely better than they were in 1914.

AND WE HAVE THE SOLEMN ASSURANCE OF THE FIRST LORD THAT BRITAIN HAS NOW DEFEATED THE SUBMARINE MENACE—THAT WE ARE IN EXCLUSIVE POSSESSION OF A SECRET DEVICE WHICH CAN DETECT THE PRESENCE OF SUBMARINES IN ANY GIVEN AREA, AND PRECISELY LOCATE THEM IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

But war, its beginnings and outcome, still remains largely a matter of armies. Whatever fleets or air forces may do, it is the man in the hob-nailed boots who counts—the man who advances or retreats, who occupies or submits.

So let us assess Europe's strength in the field.

THE ARMIES.—The German Army is based largely on the 100,000 men who were all Versailles left to the country. But Von Seekt and Blomberg, dreaming of the days when the Treaty would be broken and the former might of the old Army restored, turned those men into 100,000 sergeants—an officer cadre for the legions to come.

To-day the German Army has mobilised over 2,000,000 men.

In addition, Germany can call on another 2,000,000 effective reserves.

IT IS A FORMIDABLE MACHINE, WELL ARMED, BUT EQUIPPED WITH MORE "SUBSTITUTE MATERIAL" THAN THE OLD ARMY OF 1914.

It has certain other disadvantages. The long gap after the Versailles Treaty played havoc with the supply of properly trained officers.

It is true that thousands were rushed through training courses when the Hitler regime began.

But no short course can make a properly grounded officer. The bulk of Germany's present officers are glorified drill sergeants—the promoted survivors of the men trained by Von Seekt.

The Italian Army of 750,000 with a reserve potential of about 2,000,000 is the only one of the European armies which has had actual fighting experience in modern war.

Their officer class is a vastly different type from that responsible for the great retreat at Caporetto in 1917.

The Duce's Army is excellently armed and well equipped, particularly on the motorised side. His Alpine troops are among the best in the world.

But some kink still remains. Guadalajara, during the Spanish Civil War, is still fresh in the memory of the world. Ten thousand Italians were routed by a few battalions of Militiamen, some armed with nothing more deadly than petrol bottles, and by bombing from Russian 'planes.

FRANCE HAS EASILY THE MOST FORMIDABLE MACHINE IN EUROPE. ITS ARMY—2,000,000 FOR IMMEDIATE MOBILISATION AND 3,000,000 TRAINED RESERVES—IS HIGHLY EFFICIENT AND PROFESSIONALISED UP TO THE HILT.

The French soldier neither struts like the Italian nor goose-steps like the German. By comparison with other soldiers, in-

cluding our own, That may be bec Command has c stuff in training.

It has concent out a tough, high fighting man, soldier who can well as his rifle is not very sm fours.

French war eq to the ruthless dr and his immedia is at least as good other nation's.

Poland, whos brought all the the last ten years able to give a goo self in the field. ever powerful, "walk-over." Fo has prepared for unrestingly for under Pilsudski cessors.

Her army of 1, by another 2, reserves and it is could call on

LION... NG MEN!

cluding our own, he looks sloppy. That may be because the French Command has cut out all fancy stuff in training.

It has concentrated on turning out a tough, highly individualised fighting man, not a robot—a soldier who can use his brains as well as his rifle even though he is not very smart at forming fours.

French war equipment, thanks to the ruthless driving of Gamelin and his immediate predecessors, is at least as good all round as any other nation's.

Poland, whose plight has brought all the preparations of the last ten years to a head, is well able to give a good account of herself in the field. No invader, however powerful, could have a "walk-over." For one thing, she has prepared for this day of trial unrestingly for fifteen years, under Pilsudski and his successors.

Her army of 1,000,000 is backed by another 2,000,000 trained reserves and it is possible that she could call on still another 2,000,000 of man power in defence of their hard-won independence.

ARMIES

	Men
Germany	2,000,000
Italy	750,000
Spain	350,000
Hungary	250,000
? Yugoslavia	400,000
Total European "Axis"	3,750,000
Great Britain	500,000
France	2,000,000
Poland	1,250,000
? Rumania	1,000,000
? Belgium	750,000
Turkey	750,000
Total "Peace Front"	6,250,000

These figures include men only actually "under arms." Full war potential would bring nations listed here to a strength of about 26 millions.

The Poles have used the best of the German and French methods in training their men and officers. And the grim old Marshal Pilsudski bled the country white to provide the best equipment.

Of the other European armies, the Greeks and Rumanians, though in fairly large numbers, are fourth-rate and negligible.

The Yugoslavs and Hungarians, who might be expected to join the Axis willy-nilly, are poor in training, equipment and reserves. Only Turkey counts seriously in the jumble of these other nations.

Despite the revolution in air force and navy technique, war still remains largely a matter of armies

Turkey can put 1,200,000 trained men into the field. The army has ranked first in the calls on the nation's treasury.

They are equipped with the best weapons which Skoda, Krupp and Vickers could produce, and are particularly strong as infantry and artillery units.

In the Eastern Mediterranean they can render invaluable assistance to France and Britain.

AIR FORCES.—In no other branch of war power are the facts more obscure, or expert passions more divided. But here as simply and impartially as possible is a survey of the air position among the European Powers. . . .

Germany has a possible total of 12,000 warplanes. Of these, 8,000 would count as "first line" and immediate reserve. But a large proportion were built by ruthless mass production to attain an overwhelming superiority last September.

The majority of those machines are now obsolete compared with the material since turned out in British and French factories.

German pilots, survivors of Goering's intensive training system, especially his "bad weather flying" which has produced a higher casualty rate than in any other country, are good pilots.

Italy has a possible total of 4,000 machines. Most of them rank as "first line." According to airmen who have flown against Italian aircraft in Spain, their quality is excellent—better than the German.

But according to the same experts the "combat quality" of the pilots is indifferent.

"Last into action and first out," was a cynical comment by one of Franco's men. But that may have been prejudice.

FRANCE, AFTER THE SHOCK OF LAST SEPTEMBER AND THE LONG HOLD-UPS UNDER THE POPULAR FRONT, HAS ACHIEVED MIRACLES IN THE BUILDING UP OF HER AIR FORCE.

Her total to-day is nearly 3,000 machines—all first line. France, the country of Bleriot, has contributed more than any other to pioneer design in aircraft. And the native genius in this direction has evolved new designs like the Amiot and the Dewoittine, which are equal to any in armament and manœuvrability.

Poland counts for little in the air, nor do the other smaller Powers which may be aligned either with the Axis or the "Peace Front." Their machines are reasonably modern but the ground organisation is poor.

What of Britain?

We have a special definition of what constitutes "first line" aircraft. That definition involves "quality plus quantity." Any aircraft which we call first-line is obviously a machine in full commission as a warplane, whether bomber or fighter. But before it is added to the official tables as such, it can already be replaced many times over.

Therefore, when we read that the British first-line aircraft number 4,000, we must bear in mind that the real number is several times bigger. And that "reserves," which are often gathered into other countries' totals, are excluded from ours. These reserves, though useful, are often obsolete types.

It is just plain truth to assert that our pilot quality and strength are superior to that of any other single nation.

SUPPLIES.—With the exception of wheat, oil and coal, no other European country outside of Britain and France has access to sufficient raw materials to sustain a major war lasting longer than twelve months.

Nor do the combined gold and credit resources of all other European countries total more than a tenth of those in France and Britain.

The fifth, the "imponderable" factor, includes the spirit of a people.

Let us ask ourselves: Who will fight the best and the longest—the man in defence of his home and simple human freedom, or the slave of a robber ideal bent only on taking as brutally as he may?

To that question we already know the answer.

AIR FORCES

	Warplanes
Germany	6,000
Italy	4,000
Spain	500
Hungary	150
? Yugoslavia	750
Total European "Axis"	11,400
Great Britain	4,000
France	3,000
Poland	1,000
? Rumania	400
? Belgium	500
Turkey	500
Total "Peace Front"	9,400

These figures include "first line" aircraft only. But it is understood that Britain's definition of "first line" is different from other nations. It means a strength which can be "written off" and replaced immediately and many times.

"Out strolling one Sunday evening I met her. Our eyes met and exchanged greetings. We talked . . . and found we were in love"

Let Humanist Help You!

AN interesting letter from a man of forty tells his experience in three stages or chapters. The first began when he left the Army at the age of twenty and was completely miserable:—

"I came home to find myself apparently shut off from all social life. I became lonely and morose, feeling that everyone had a sweetheart but me, that I wasn't good enough for any girl to look at.

"This was entirely wrong, I know, but nothing could persuade me otherwise. This state of mind continued for three unhappy years."

"Chapter 2" went to the opposite extreme:—

"One week-end a workmate asked me to take a vacant seat on a char-a-banc trip and I joined in with his 'gang.' Thereafter I knocked about with young fellows of my own age, meeting girls on the pier, at dances, and behaving like 'the lads of the village.'

"I became self-confident and egotistical. I no longer wanted a sweetheart of my own—at least, not one of the girls we met in our rambles and at dances. They all seemed noisy and raucous and shallow. There wasn't one with whom one could have intelligent conversation."

FOLLOWING this period of casual flirtation there came the right girl, and with her arrival begins "Chapter 3":—

"Just when I was feeling absolutely safe and 'bomb-proof,' ready to settle down to single life, along came my 'affinity.'

"Out strolling one Sunday evening, I met her. We did not speak at once, but our eyes met and exchanged greetings. After passing one another several times I was brave enough to start light gossip. We found we were in love.

"I had never deliberately asked any girl to give me her company. Those I had met before were all carelessly 'picked up' when out with my friends, and usually our party broke into 'foursomes.'"

By now the writer had no further wish to belong to a group of fellows and girls. He had found his partner. It was a case of love at first sight with both of them. They courted for two years and married.

They have had a struggle owing to unemployment, small wages, etc., and they have little tiffs and differences on occasion, but, as the man says:—

"What of that? Life would be awfully flat if there was never anything to grumble at. I should say to all lonely, miserable young people: 'Wait your time, go on leading a natural life, and when the time comes, be bold and don't face life alone!'"

So many young men and women are too impatient. They are in love with love, and in their eagerness to "pair off" they seize the wrong partner. Hence the importance of waiting until they are sure.

That, I take it, is the essential message to be learnt from these three chapters of personal history.

The next letter is from a young man. He writes about a girl who wants to go on living in the "Chapter 2" period:—

"I hope you won't mind my writing to you like this, but I feel you are the only one who can help me with my problem," he says. "I am courting a girl of eighteen and have been going out with her for nine months. I am very much in love with her, but during these last few months she has been quite different towards me.

"If I am unable to see her as arranged, she does not wait for an explanation but goes out with one of her other boy friends. She goes in his car, stops at some road-house, and drinks, although she knows I don't like her to do this.

"It would almost break her mother's heart if she ever found out. You may think me a bit of a spoil-sport, but although I drink myself, occasionally, I never do when I am out with her.

"One thing that puzzles me is that when I see her again she always tells me what she has done and seems to think she has been very clever.

"She says that no one can break a date with her and get away with it. Then she breaks down and starts crying, telling me how sorry she is, and that I am the only one she really loves. She begs me not to leave her. She promises she will never do it again. It is always the same story.

"The other night she told me she could not come out as she was staying indoors to wash her hair. You can imagine how I felt when I heard from a friend that she had been seen in the main street hardly able to walk, with a young chap almost carrying her.

"She did not deny it, but promised faithfully she would never do anything like that again. Yet things are getting worse instead of better. I am getting fed up: I really don't know what to do. I am very much in love with her, but is she worth it?"

THE girl is behaving foolishly, and if she continues to do this sort of thing it will be best to leave her alone until she comes to her senses.

She imagines she is being smart and sophisticated, but I very much doubt whether she is capable of taking care of herself.

She is getting experience which may teach her some important lessons, but she may have to pay a price out of all proportion to their value.

The worst thing the young man can do is to lecture her or to give her a good dressing-down. The girl will resent such an attitude, and go out of her way to "shock" him. But a quiet and friendly talk at the right time would have more effect.

It is useless for a man to talk when he is feeling indignant or looking "hurt." He cannot be reasonable when he is emotionally upset. If emotion enters into the argument the girl will win every time.

Another letter comes from a man who is worried to distraction about his son. The boy has always been well mannered and everything one could expect from a good son. He has had a fine education, has never failed to attend church, and his father and mother had dreams of his becoming a clergyman.

UNTIL recently he was keen on the idea and his parents were only too ready to make the sacrifices necessary for his training. But now comes the great disappointment:—

"It all happened this way. He went out with some new friends who had plenty of money to spend, and he came home looking very gloomy. We asked him if there was anything wrong, and for the first time in his life he answered most rudely.

"He told me next morning that he could not go to college on a shilling a week pocket-money. Although I have not pocket money myself, I promised to try to raise it when he passed his examination and got into college.

"He then told me he had not passed and that he did not try to pass. I told him that if he had failed he could have another try. But he does not want to have another try. He does not know what he wants to do.

"This is where I am most worried. What shall I do next? I have offered to go and find any job that suits him. I am really going out of my senses at times. I don't know what to do.

"It has been a life of continual sacrifice to us, but we would be happy if only the boy was happy, too. Can you help us?"

There are several things to be said about this problem.

If the young man does not feel called to the Church it is fortunate that he has made the discovery in time. I have had letters from men who have not found out until it was too late to withdraw.

Their heart was not in the work, but they had to carry on, time-serving merely, and always with the consciousness of being in a false position.

The boy's conscience is troubling him because he knows how intensely his father and mother feel their disappointment.

HE knows, too, how much they have sacrificed already, and how much more they are ready to sacrifice in the future. It makes him feel mean, and that explains his outburst of rudeness.

He has also had a taste of luxury and felt the glamour of having money to burn. He wants to be able to do it always. A life of self-denial makes no appeal to him.

It would be a great mistake to try to force him into the Church if the desire has left him; but the finding of the right sort of work is another problem altogether.

There are hundreds of young men and women who don't know what they want to do. The first step is to find out what they are best fitted to do.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology has evolved a number of tests of intelligence and "aptitudes" which often help one to decide a career.

Such work is not infallible, but it has already justified itself by results. The fee may seem a trifle stiff—three guineas—but it may be worth it many times over.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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Pie Porter stared at the two lovers fascinated

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by W. J. PASSINGHAM

"Open all Night"

TO appreciate the true luxury of Pie Porter's coffee-stall on the Great West Road, near Hounslow, you have to see it on cold, dark nights, when your headlights are reflected on a wet, treacherous road, and your screen-wipers are working in an eternal semi-circle to clear the rime.

It requires something more than pressure of time and urgent business to ignore the lure of bright lights, steaming urns, and hot food, when you are cold and your eyes smart with the strain of staring for mile after mile through a misty windscreen.

It was Mrs. Amelia Porter who had the imagination and foresight to visualise such a situation, and the courage to back her judgment to the extent of eight hundred pounds for the purchase of the site and equipment.

The only uncertain element in her scheme of business was her son—who must perforce act as her manager since there was nobody else whom she could trust.

He was a young man, in the late twenties, but still a child in his mother's eyes.

She need not have worried about the business, for Porter's road-house was an unqualified success from the day it first opened.

Drivers from all parts of the country met at Porter's, and the lure of its lights, its cleanliness, brought everything from big lorries to limousines to a standstill.

Life really began for Pie Porter when he took over the management, for with customers meeting at his counter after driving far along the big trunk roads he heard such gossip as is seldom reported in newspapers.

There were tales told at Pie Porter's counter after midnight which would make even film producers human with emotion.

PERHAPS it was the comforting influence of hot tea, coffee, and Porter's pies which brought about a state of confidence in the customers, or it might have been merely the cosy atmosphere. . . .

The fact remains that Pie Porter heard much he dared not repeat, and this sometimes from the police themselves.

For he certainly knew how to keep his mouth shut when the occasion demanded it.

He was careful to lead his two assistants along the same path of wisdom. It was for his own benefit.

"Don't tell mother," was his usual warning. "Treat her well, and tell her nothing."

At such times, of course, Pie had his natural weaknesses in mind—which usually resulted from confidences concerning "A stone blind certainty at Lingfield to-morrow," or an occasional dart tournament held in the store-room at the back of the bar on days when Mrs. Amelia Porter was kept in town.

Not for some time did Pie discover any marked consequences of this reputation for secrecy, and then, on the day after a certain policeman was killed outright in Charing Cross Road, he had the shock of a lifetime.

It all began with a most mysterious letter—a letter from Scotland Yard!

That same morning he faced the Assistant Commissioner of Police across the width of his desk.

"You may not be aware of the fact," the Assistant Commissioner said confidentially, "but you are quite well known to us, Mr. Porter."

"Goodness! Don't tell . . . I mean, what have I done?" gasped Pie.

HIS short, thick-set figure wriggled on the chair, he brushed back a mop of dark hair with a frantic gesture, and his rather cherubic features lengthened and paled.

The Assistant Commissioner chuckled, made a reassuring gesture. "All the reports that have reached me about you and your wonderful coffee-stall have been most complimentary," he went on.

"The truth is that we want your help—your co-operation. Would you be willing to assist us, if the circumstances in no way interfere with your business?"

"I—I suppose so," Pie answered dubiously. He had not got over the news that he was "known."

"It might be best if you met one of my officers right away," the Assistant Commissioner decided. "He is Inspector Talon, and . . ."

Pie Porter became interested immediately. "You mean the one who met with an accident yesterday?"

"That was Sergeant Talon, the inspector's younger brother," the Assistant Commissioner answered gravely. "We had it reported as an accident, but actually young Talon was killed in a fight with William Blake—the crook the newspapers have nicknamed Willy the Weasel."

Pie Porter's mouth went suddenly dry. "The Weasel!" he said. "The safe-breaker, the gunman, the smash-and-grab . . .?"

"Precisely. In that fight Inspector Talon's brother was killed—killed by the Weasel—so that you can understand his eagerness to arrest the murderer. Now I'll come to the point right away.

"It has been very difficult even for us to learn anything useful about the Weasel, because his methods are new. He employs a gang, but does the actual work himself.

"Chiefly to save his fellow officers from injury, perhaps death, Inspector Talon has thought out a scheme for dealing with the Weasel. That scheme depends for success on your co-operation, Mr. Porter."

"Sound——sounds good to me," Pie faltered, "but what on earth do I have to . . .?"

"Listen!" the Assistant Commissioner interrupted. "Your refreshment bar on the Great West Road is in a unique position. For a long time now it has been a useful spot for Scotland Yard to keep watch on the activities of suspected persons.

"That's why we had to enquire into your affairs. We know, for example, that the Weasel has often used your place in the past."

"Is that so?" said Pie faintly. "But I don't know this Willy the Weasel from . . ."

"Of course you don't, and neither did Talon until last night. That fight in Charing Cross Road was the nearest we've ever been to getting him.

"YOUR part in our scheme is simple enough. We want you to take on another counter assistant. Talon feels sure that, sooner or later, this murderer will turn up again at your coffee-stall, and Talon is the only man who can identify him. All we ask of you is to allow him to pose as one of your assistants and wait."

"It won't be the danger you anticipate. There'll be detectives posted opposite the coffee-stall among the trees bordering the road, and they'll act immediately Talon gives a signal.

"You'll be rendering us a big service by giving us the help we need. Now will you see Inspector Talon?"

Pie gulped, and nodded. "The trouble is," he said desperately, "that my mother might roll up and play the dickens—knock the place sky-high."

While Pie explained the danger from Mrs. Amelia Porter, the Assistant Commissioner strove hard to look serious.

"I think Mrs. Porter is a risk we are justified in taking under the circumstances," he decided.

INSPECTOR TALON, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, with fair, wavy hair, came in at that moment. The tragedy of his brother's death had already left lines of suffering on the face of a man not yet thirty years of age. Yet he spoke in monotones without emotion.

"I've seen you many times during the last twelve months," he told Pie Porter. "You have the finest little road-house round London, and I'm not so dumb that I shall spoil it or cramp your style. Everything will be done to lessen the danger."

"You think you can recognise the Weasel?" asked Pie anxiously.

"Don't worry over that," the inspector answered. "The Weasel is my height, and there's something about him he can't disguise. His ears are pierced, and there is a slanting cleft to his chin. I'll know the swine all right! Look out for me to-morrow night, Mr. Porter. I'll

Continued on page 26.

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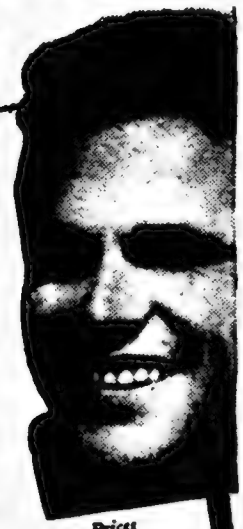

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Continuing Short Story

'Open All Night'

come round to the back of your premises and take orders from you. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Pie answered uncertainly.

Inspector Talon arrived about ten o'clock the following night and took his place behind the counter as though he'd worked there for years.

He proved to be a "natural" where the catering business was concerned. And to Pie's great relief, the customers got to like him after the first few days and missed him when he failed to turn up for work.

Pie knew, too, that his two regular assistants could both be trusted to keep a secret. Far from being nervous they welcomed the idea as a great adventure, entered into the business with a zest that surprised Pie so much that he was obliged to give further warning.

"Now remember," he added, "don't tell mother."

Thus all arrangements were made for the appearance of Willy the Weasel, but as that gentleman did not oblige during the first week of waiting, tension eased down. Pie had begun to think that he was wasting his time, until one night the policeman drew him outside to the back of the bar.

"I've just had news from the boys on the opposite side of the road," he said uneasily. "Keep your peepers wide open for a girl with auburn hair, who can straddle a big motor-bike with the skill of a track rider.

"She's about the only person who might recognise me. I just don't want to see her in this business, but I can't say a word to her under the circumstances."

"And who might this bird be?" Pie questioned. A woman on the scene just then seemed to him to be asking for trouble.

"SHE—Molly—was engaged to my brother. There's something on her mind. I—I've come to the conclusion that she's out gunning for the Weasel."

The next night Pie Porter saw Molly for the first time. At a word from him Talon left the counter

Seeing her balanced gracefully on a twin-engined Rollo, capable of ninety on the open road, Pie Porter thought she was wonderful. He was so absorbed that he nearly missed the rider on the pillion. He just had a glimpse of the other girl before the bike was drawn to a standstill in the shadows beyond the lights.

The pillion-rider was dark, painted—with one of those baby faces that set the town alight. Dimly he could see them moving about in the shadows near the bar, and was about to turn away when a woman screamed madly—screamed as though murder was on the doorstep!

Pie stood very still behind the counter. A medley of noises came from the shadows. Several of his customers turned and ran out. He saw Talon appear from round the back of the bar—running. . . .

Then came the sudden roar of a motor-bike engine as it started away down the road.

Presently the customers appeared again, carrying the dark-haired girl between them. There were two weals, one on either side of her face. She was hysterical.

AFTER she had quietened down they crowded round to hear what had happened.

She explained that she had known Molly only a few days, and this was the first time they had gone for a ride together.

Molly had met her somewhere near Trafalgar Square, and they had laughed and enjoyed themselves all the way to Hounslow. But no sooner had they alighted near the coffee-stall than Molly had dealt out two cracks across her face which nearly knocked the head off her shoulders.

Pie Porter stood aghast at the girl's language. Even case-hardened lorry-drivers learned something. . . .

When she finished her story the dark-haired girl asked Pie Porter for the use of his telephone—threatened him with extreme unpleasantness if he didn't show her where it was quickly.

"Snorted and stamped about at the back of my bar as though she owned it," Pie said afterwards.

Having led her to the telephone, Pie was about to go when he caught sight of Talon standing well back in a dark corner of his store-room. The inspector gestured for silence, and Pie went to the counter wondering what might happen next.

He didn't have to wait very long.

When she had finished with the 'phone the girl came round to the counter, and ordered tea. After that Pie missed Talon, and the knowledge left him with a queer sinking feeling in his stomach

An hour went by with not a sign of the detective, and Pie began to think that, after all, he was in for another quiet night, when there came a low, whining sound far away down the road from the direction of London.

A powerful car was racing along the Great West Road with blazing headlights that might have belonged to a battleship. The clock over the mirror behind the bar showed a quarter to midnight.

Porter had just turned to face his customers again when he heard a sudden screeching of brakes. A low-built, cream sports-car was wrenched to a standstill, and at that moment the dark-haired girl yelled a shrill greeting to the man who got out.

Pie Porter saw him hold out his arms, saw him kiss her as he reached the counter, heard his low, husky voice—and stood as a man turned to stone. Since the girl had used his telephone, Pie had known subconsciously who would answer her call.

It all fitted in!

The ride out to Hounslow on a pillion with Molly, whose sweetheart had been killed by the Weasel—and the stranding of the baby-faced girl outside the coffee-stall so that she would have to call for her man to take her back to town.

And her man had arrived—at the very spot where Inspector Talon was waiting.

Pie Porter stared at the two lovers—fascinated. The lobes of this man's ears were pierced, of course, and as he suddenly raised his head he saw Pie Porter—read the truth in Pie's pale face. . . .

SOMETHING rose up very swiftly, like a wraith, from under the very counter—a man in shirt-sleeves and a white apron, and in his hand was a queer sagging weapon. Even as the Weasel tugged at something in his pocket Talon's sandbag landed on his head with crushing force. Willy the Weasel dropped in a heap below the counter.

Somebody caught the girl just as she started to slip downward. . . .

After that Pie Porter couldn't move for policemen. Four detectives carried the gunman to a police-car, followed by a crowd of Pie's excited customers.

He was standing quite alone behind the counter when Inspector Talon came in to introduce Molly Whitaker, the girl who had lured the Weasel into her clever trap.

Somehow, in the confusion, they started talking. Pie Porter forgot everything as he looked at her.

* * *

And nowadays you can see her twin-engined Rollo parked outside Pie Porter's place most nights in the week. Yet a full month passed before Pie found courage to say just what was on his mind.

"As soon as things have settled down a bit," he said nervously, "it might be a good idea if I were to ask you about getting married. But—but don't tell mother . . . just yet."

NEXT WEEK: A Secret Service man comes to Pie's coffee-stall. So does a pretty girl—and romance.

Copyright **By Poolex**

New Graded Guide and Pools Chart

BELOW are the matches to be played on Saturday, September 2.

Likely home winners on form (*) are at the top of the list, followed by the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are the likely away winners.

Column A indicates whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) is considered the stronger on form (*). Column B gives an alternative forecast for each game.

The markings in the five right-hand columns show the results of corresponding matches for the last five seasons, the result for 1938-39 appearing on the extreme right.

(*Until sufficient matches have been played the Guide is based on last season's form.)

	A	B		Five Years' Form.				
1 Chester v. Tranmere	1	x	..	x	x	1	x	—
2 Sheffield W. v. Plymouth	1	x	..	—	—	—	x	2
3 Crystal P. v. Bristol R.	1	x	..	1	1	1	1	x
4 Birmingham v. Burnley	1	x	..	—	—	—	—	—
5 Rochdale v. York	1	x	..	1	2	1	x	x
6 Cardiff v. Notts C.	1	x	..	—	1	2	x	1
7 Arbroath v. Kilmarnock	1	x	..	—	x	x	1	1
8 Swindon v. Aldershot	1	2	..	1	1	1	1	1
9 Southport v. Hull	1	2	..	—	—	2	1	1
10 Bournemouth v. Northampton	1	2	..	2	1	1	x	1
11 Fulham v. Luton	1	2	..	—	—	—	1	1
12 St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen	1	x	..	x	x	1	x	1
13 Accrington v. Oldham	1	x	..	—	1	x	2	2
14 Middlesbrough v. Stoke	1	x	..	1	x	1	1	1
15 Bradford v. Millwall	1	2	..	—	—	—	—	1
16 Blackburn v. Everton	1	x	..	1	x	—	—	—
17 Charlton v. Manchester U.	1	2	..	—	x	1	—	1
18 Rotherham v. Darlington	1	x	..	1	1	2	1	x
19 Walsall v. Q.P.R.	1	2	..	—	—	2	2	2
20 Ayr v. Hamilton	1	x	..	2	1	—	2	x
21 Ipswich v. Norwich	1	x	..	—	—	—	—	—
22 West Ham v. Leicester	1	2	..	—	1	1	—	—
23 Bristol C. v. Brighton	1	2	..	1	2	1	x	1
24 Watford v. Clapton O.	1	2	..	1	x	1	1	1
25 Carlisle v. Stockport	1	x	..	2	1	1	—	1
26 Reading v. Southend	1	2	..	1	1	2	1	1
27 Partick v. Alloa	1	2	..	—	—	—	—	—
28 Grimsby v. Preston N.E.	1	x	..	1	x	1	—	1
29 Port Vale v. Exeter	1	x	..	—	—	—	—	1
30 Arsenal v. Sunderland	1	2	..	x	1	1	1	1
31 Manchester C. v. Chesterfield	1	2	..	—	—	—	—	1
32 Derby v. Aston V.	1	x	..	x	2	—	—	1
33 Falkirk v. Queen of S.	1	2	..	1	—	1	2	1
34 Third Lanark v. Rangers	1	x	..	—	2	x	2	2
35 Bolton v. Portsmouth	1	2	..	—	1	1	x	1
36 Motherwell v. Hearts	1	x	..	x	1	2	x	1
37 West Bromwich v. Tottenham	1	2	..	1	—	—	—	1
38 Liverpool v. Chelsea	1	2	..	1	2	x	—	1
39 Notts F. v. Newport	1	x	..	—	—	—	—	—
40 Celtic v. Clyde	1	2	..	2	1	1	1	1
41 Crewe v. Hartlepools	2	x	..	x	1	x	1	—
42 Coventry v. Barnsley	2	1	..	—	—	1	—	1
43 Torquay v. Mansfield	2	1	..	—	—	—	2	1
44 Barrow v. Bradford C.	2	x	..	—	—	—	x	1
45 Blackpool v. Wolves	2	x	..	—	—	—	2	1
46 Newcastle v. Swansea	2	1	..	1	1	1	1	2
47 Hibernian v. Albion R.	2	x	..	x	1	x	1	1
48 Brentford v. Huddersfield	2	x	..	—	2	x	1	1
49 St. Mirren v. Cowdenbeath	2	x	..	—	—	1	—	—
50 Halifax v. Wrexham	2	x	..	1	1	2	x	2
51 Leeds v. Sheffield U.	2	x	..	—	—	—	—	—
52 Southampton v. Bury	2	1	..	1	x	1	1	2
53 New Brighton v. Doncaster	2	x	..	x	—	—	2	2
54 Lincoln v. Gateshead	2	1	..	1	1	1	1	1

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CROSSWORD No. 168.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On pages 36 and 37 is presented the 168th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

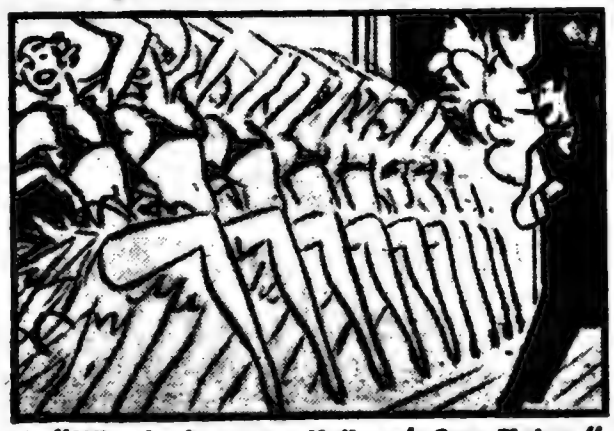
In all doubtful points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word enclosed can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied on those points, which will be duly indicated when Puzzle and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, September 21, 1939. The manner which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOTPROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with order the Entry Coupon on page 37. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"The Stage Manager didn't mince his words!"

1. Joan was late to morning rehearsal for the third time in one week. It was awful! We all thought the poor darling would certainly get sacked this time. But in the end, the old slave driver relented . . . with a warning.

2. Afterwards Joan explained to me that she was so worn-out rehearsing all day and half into the night that she often slept through the alarm . . . and that she simply couldn't face the day's work without a good sustaining breakfast.



3. "Why don't you try Kellogg's Corn Flakes," I said, "the breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to prepare?" "But isn't that just for children?" she queried. "Adults, as well!" I explained. "It's simply marvellous-tasting! And a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs."

4. After that tip-off, Joan was never late. She told everybody how delicious Kellogg's are and how they kept her "on her toes" till lunch. What's more, her work improved so much that she became No. 1 of the chorus. Then one evening she rushed up to me and shouted, "I'm going to understudy the star!"

THE 30-Second Breakfast
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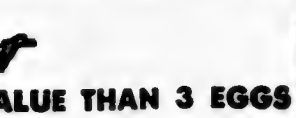

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Mystery of the Size 9 Gum Boots

By Louis C. Mansfield

Famous detective and one of the greatest forgery experts in the world

"THAT one blow couldn't have killed her!" Detective Allsopp said decisively as he completed his examination of the victim.

"It might have knocked her unconscious. But, as you can see, there's not the slightest sign of blackening around the eyes so it didn't even give her concussion."

He turned to a farmer in the group of men standing near by.

"Tell me exactly where she was when you found her, Slater."

"Out in the duck-pond, a bit," the farmer answered. "She was lying on her face, in about six inches of water, with that sacking over her head."

"Then she was probably knocked out and dumped in there to drown," the inspector hazarded.

"That's right, sir!" a uniformed police-constable assured him. "That's what the doctor said. After Mr. Slater and I pulled her out, we sent for him straight away. He thinks she'd been dead about twenty-four hours."

The body which lay at Allsopp's feet was that of Mrs. Christobel Lakey, wife of Sam Lakey, a settler of Ruawaro, some seventy-five miles south of Auckland, in the North Island of New Zealand.

"Any trace of her husband yet?"

"No, sir. None at all, sir. I expect he's got well away by now. He knows all this swamp country like the back of your hand And he's had twenty-four hours' start. He's got a shot-gun and pea-rifle with him.

"It looks as if he intends to stick to the swamp country, because he's taken a pair of number nine gum-boots."

"Who drew your attention to this business first?" Allsopp asked next.

"Mr. Stevens, who keeps that farm over on the hill, sir. He happened to look over here, just after eleven, and saw that the cows were still in the night-paddock.

"He thought the Lakeys might be ill, so he came over. When he couldn't find anyone they sent for me.

"I had a look around the property, and then I searched the house. When I saw that neither of their beds had been slept in, and that the tea-things were still on the table from yesterday, I organised some search parties among the neighbours.

"Mr. Slater's party found Mrs. Lakey here. But we haven't been able to find the slightest trace of Lakey himself."

"How do you know that he's got those guns with him? And that he's taken gum-boots?"

"Mr. Stevens told me that, sir. I got him to look over the house to see if there was anything missing. He thinks Lakey's best suit has gone, as well as the gum-boots, the shot-gun, the rifle and a pair of size 7 working boots."

"Size 7?" Allsopp queried. "I thought you told me the gum-boots were size 9?"

"I know, sir. But all Lakey's boots are size 7's except for the gum-boots. Mr. Stevens swears they're 9's. He says he's often seen them around the house."

"I SEE. All right, then, constable, lead the way to the house, will you?"

He turned and beckoned to his partner, Detective Sneddon, who was questioning some of the neighbours:

"You can leave that for a while, Bill!" he called. "Let's see what's over at the house!"

As the constable had said, everything seemed to be in order. Nothing was missing, apart from the things whose loss Stevens had noticed.

Everything seemed to support the constable's theory that Lakey had quarrelled with his wife and hit her over the head before dumping her in the duck-pond and escaping.

The relationship between the Lakeys had been the same as that of any other couple. They had a few squabbles from time to time, but that was all.

The neighbours were quick to point out that Christobel Lakey was a very easy-going woman. She hated quarrels.

The only neighbour she had ever been known to criticise was William Bayley, who kept the adjoining homestead.

Only one other person had noticed anything unusual. That was Herbert Samuelson, who drove past the farm shortly after five o'clock each morning.

On the day the murder was discovered—October 16, 1933—he had noticed that Lakey's cream cans had not been placed close to the roadside, in their usual position. Instead, they were about 6 ft. back from it.

"I suppose he put them there so the cream carter wouldn't come up to the house for them and discover the 'murder,'" the constable suggested.

"Perhaps that's it," agreed Allsopp, non-committally.

But at the first opportunity he drew Sneddon on one side.

"This looks to me like one of the most carefully planned murders I've ever seen," he said. "Lakey didn't kill his wife!

"In fact, unless I miss my bet, Lakey himself is dead!"

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, if Lakey had murdered his wife yesterday afternoon, could you see him staying here till this morning just to put those cream cans out? I can't!

"But suppose he did stay. He'd have wanted somewhere to sleep. So he'd have used one of the beds.

"His sole purpose in putting those cream cans out would be to stop the carter noticing anything unusual. And for that very reason he'd have been extra careful to see that each of 'em was in its proper place. That's point 1."

"Point 1? Why, what else is on your mind?"

"This. Presumably he'd try to put as much space between himself and the farm as he possibly could. Yet at the one time when speed is most essential he goes off with a pair of boots two sizes too large for him!"

"You're forgetting the pair of working boots," Sneddon reminded him. "And, also, that he's got those weapons with him. If he were going to hide among the swamps, he could find good use for those boots."

"Now *you're* forgetting something! If he *was* intending to make a siege of it, he'd need two things, most of all—food and clean water! Yet, not a biscuit is missing from that larder!

"And, another thing," he went on. "Lakey's best suit's missing. Can you see anyone wading around in the swamps in his 'Sunday-go-to-meeting'?

"WOULDN'T he have worn something more suitable—something that would stand up to the hard wear and which would keep him warm when he had to sleep out?

"The fact that his best suit is gone suggests that he's making for a town—somewhere where he'll meet people.

"Yet, how the dickens could he hope to pass unnoticed when he walked into town with his best suit on and wearing a pair of gum-boots—or working boots, for that matter—and with a shot-gun and rifle over his shoulder?

"Why, the first cop who saw him'd pick him up on suspicion! It just doesn't make sense!

"I'll tell you what. I'll lay you any money you like that the person who killed Mrs. Lakey killed Sam Lakey, too.

"His body can't be very far from here. And our next job's to find it."

However, two days passed without their locating Lakey, or any spot where a murder might have occurred.

At the end of the second day, Allsopp ordered Sneddon to make up a party of men and to search every inch of the boundary.

"If that body's not on the farm, it's been taken off it," he said. "That means a conveyance of some sort would be necessary.

"But I don't think a killer would risk being seen driving out of here; so the chances are he didn't come through the gate and up the road in the normal way. He'd be more likely to sneak in by some back way.

"AND that means there are, probably, wheel marks near the boundary fence. Find 'em."

It took time to search the 1,000-acre farm carefully. But next day the party came across the marks of a milk-sled, just inside the property of William Bayley, the Lakeys' neighbour.

The marks ran from Bayley's farmyard to the dividing fence. They halted opposite a telegraph pole which was leaning out of plumb, then went back the way they had come.

Farmer Bayley had a ready excuse when the two detectives questioned him.

"Oh, those?" he said. "I made them the other day when I drove over to have a look at that old telegraph pole that's just inside Lakey's fence.

"We'd had a pretty high wind the night before, and when I was harnessing up, I noticed that the pole was leaning badly. So I drove over to see if it was going to fall down.

(Continued on page 30)

Pains in the Back

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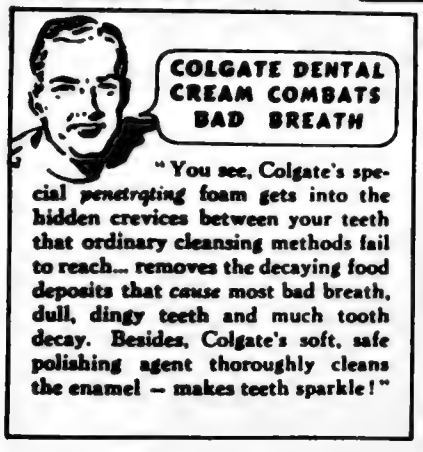
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Continuing "Law's Long Arm"

Swamp Hid the Secret

"It looked firm enough to stand for a while, so I came back again."

The explanation was a perfectly natural one. On his way back, however, Allsopp decided to examine the post.

He found that it was embedded in firm earth.

"Now, why did that fellow want to lie to me?" asked Sneddon. "That post has been leaning over like that for years. I think Mr. Bayley has got some explaining to do."

When he glanced around, his attention was caught by the remains of a cart which stood near.

The woodwork had almost completely rotted away, the only portions remaining being the wheels, the axle and a solitary piece of wood which was badly decayed.

Evidently it had been used as a fowl roost at some time or other.

As his eyes strayed from the old wheels to the clean earth and green grass below them, he seized Sneddon's arm excitedly.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed. "There're traces of fowls on that axle. But there aren't any on the ground below it."

Striding over, he pushed the wheels forward a bit and stared at the yellowish grass where each had rested.

"I was right," he said. "They haven't been here more than a few days. Look at that grass. It's still fairly green. But it'd be really yellow and dead if those wheels had been here long!"

It did not take long to discover that someone had sliced pieces of wood off the spokes quite recently. Tiny slivers had been cut off the rim and the hub.

When Allsopp examined the ground carefully he was lucky enough to recover three of these tiny slivers. Each was specked with blood.

"So that's how it is! Somebody shifted the body to here on these wheels. Then he transferred it to another vehicle!"

"And I'll bet that 'somebody's' got a milk sled!" Sneddon cut in. "Lets go!"

Bayley was a bit uneasy when they first asked permission to examine the sled. However, they assured him that they were slightly confused over several different sets of marks and merely wished to measure the widths of the runners.

According to prior arrangement, Sneddon kept Bayley engaged in conversation, thus giving Allsopp the opportunity to examine the sled alone and unobserved.

He found that someone had treated it in the same way as the pair of wheels. Dozens of white patches showed where slivers of wood had been sliced off it.

The knife which had been used must have had some irregularities in the blade, because he could see a number of characteristic scratches in the cuts.

He whipped out his own knife and sliced off a long piece which bore three of the characteristic cuts.

Then he prised up one of the boards to examine the side of it. The side was stained with blood!

Using his knife again, he sliced off some of the blood-stained wood and pushed the board back into place as before. Then, very casually, he asked Bayley for an explanation of the cuts.

The farmer's first words almost knocked him over:

"I cut those pieces out because there was blood on 'em!"

"Blood? How did it get there?"

"Off a sheep's carcase that I carried on the sled. You know, when we use anything for milk we've got to keep it mighty clean. So I cut the bits off to remove the blood!"

The inspector contented himself with commandeering the knife Bayley claimed to have used. Then he and Sneddon returned to the Lakey farm determined to find the scene where the murder must have been committed.

"I think I know where it is," said Sneddon. "When I looked over Lakey's implement shed I noticed a lot of cases of kerosene piled high up against the wall.

"AGAINST the other wall there're marks where cases have been standing for some time. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. But I'll bet Bayley shifted those cases to hide the spot where he killed Lakey!"

And so it proved. . . .

When the two detectives carefully shifted the cases, they found the floor spattered liberally with blood, and the walls pocked with shot-gun pellets.

That night Allsopp unpacked the test-tubes and microscope from his field kit.

It took him only three hours to decide that the tiny red spots on the slivers from the wheels and the sled were those of human blood; and that Bayley's knife bore some curious chips which had made the characteristic scratches on the cuts in both sled and wheels.

He knew for certain now that Bayley had murdered Lakey.

He also knew that he was going to have a hard time proving it.

Until he could find the body to convince a jury that Sam Lakey really *was* dead, he could not prefer a charge against Bayley.

And, so far, there was no direct evidence whatever to tie the man up with the murder of Mrs. Christobel Lakey.

Next day, when he searched Bayley's house, he found a shirt, a pair of trousers and a pair of boots, all heavily stained with human blood. There were more stains in the cream house. It began to look as if Lakey's body had been dismembered.

But there was still no sign of the body itself. Or of the weapons with which the murder had been committed.

There were three fairly large swamps on the farm. So, proceeding on the theory that Bayley might have tossed Lakey's remains, and the murder weapons, into one of them, Allsopp sent for some boats and a number of police officers to drag each swamp in turn.

It was not until the detectives had drawn blank at the two smaller swamps, and had almost finished the third, that they discovered anything of importance. Then their grapnels brought up pieces of the shotgun and pea-rifle.

That same afternoon, Detective-Inspector Allsopp found out why he had not been able to locate the body.

One of the constables brought him a two-inch piece of human bone—charred and blackened. He had picked it up on the ground in one of the paddocks.

"There's no sign of any freshly dug earth," he reported. "This is the only thing we've been able to find."

Allsopp's mind flew to the incinerator he had seen standing near one of the outhouses.

A brief search of it disclosed the presence of a number of bones which were too heavily charred to be identified accurately.

At once Allsopp sent for Sneddon, and when the junior detective arrived detailed a plan which had been forming in his brain:

"We know Lakey's body's been destroyed on this farm by someone," he said. "But, despite that blood-stained clothing, we haven't tied Bayley into it as much as I'd like.

"Here's what I want you to do. Take those bits of the guns and toss them back in the exact spot where you found them. Then put a stick upright in the water about 10 ft. to the left of the spot."

JUST before nightfall, the inspector called for Bayley—who had not yet been arrested—and took him for a walk.

Ostensibly, his purpose was to discuss a statement which the farmer had made the day before.

But, somehow or other, the two men found themselves on the borders of the swamp opposite the spot where the guns had been found. . . .

Bayley was dying to ask questions:

"Have you had any luck with the dragging, yet?" he queried, on catching sight of the stick which protruded some two feet above the level of the water.

"No, not yet! But we will to-morrow!" came the emphatic answer.

"To-morrow? How do you know that?"

"Because I'm certain that Lakey's been murdered and that the murderer threw the two guns into one of these swamps.

"We've dragged the other two, and we've almost finished this one. To-morrow will finish it; we've got as far as that stick. The only bit left to do is that section to the right of it.

"We haven't found the guns yet. So they must be in that section. When we find them we'll know whom to arrest for the murders!"

BAYLEY was silent for a moment. Then:

"How will you know that?"

"Because his finger-prints will be on 'em. When we get the guns, we'll photograph the finger-prints. Then, we'll fingerprint everybody in the whole district.

"Those finger-prints are going to hang some man for murder!"

Just after twelve that night the two detectives lay in hiding and watched Bayley make for the boats and punt one of them straight to the spot where the weapons were lying.

They let him grapple around for an hour, until he had recovered the stock of the shot-gun.

As he dumped it on the floor of the boat, Allsopp stood up:

"What are you doing there?" he shouted. "Come in here!"

Bayley recovered himself quickly, after the initial shock:

"Oh, I thought it'd be a good idea to find the weapons and solve the case myself," he grinned sheepishly. "I always wanted to be a detective."

Bayley did not go home to sleep that night. He went to the local lock-up instead.

During the next few days, the inspector's men went over the farm so carefully that, from one paddock alone, they succeeded in recovering 276 tiny fragments from the incinerator.

In the incinerator itself Allsopp managed to find parts of a wristlet watch the numbers of which corresponded to the numbers of which Lakey was known to wear. And one that Lakey was known to wear. And buried not ten feet from it, he found the dead man's false teeth.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that Bayley was found guilty of murder after a short trial.

Or that he was executed at Mount Eden Prison, in Auckland, on July 23, 1934.

The Human Machine

Mental Cripples

WHEN future writers come to look at the present age and try to sum it up in terms of human values, they will almost certainly pick out restlessness as its dominant feature.

We know it ourselves, of course, although we are far too apt to find excuses instead of remedies. We talk glibly about "the age of speed."

We comfort ourselves with childish marvelling at the increasing "mechanisation" of life. We talk of the effect of the war years. We point to the troubled state of the world.

All these, we say wisely, are responsible for the restlessness that plainly afflicts the vast majority.

It's all tosh. It may be an age of speed, but we're not forced to speed. We're not so spineless that we're forced to allow mechanisation to mechanise us.

And we're pretty feeble, both morally and intellectually, if we're going to spend the rest of our lives allowing something that happened twenty years ago to sour our outlook.

In any case, there being nothing new under the sun, there is nothing new in all this. Nearly 300 years ago a French philosopher looked round at his world.

"All the misery of men," he said, "comes from one thing alone—that they do not know how to stay quiet in a room!"

You see? It was just the same then!

Mental cripples, that's what we are, unable to move without the crutches of some outside stimulation.

We're forgetting—if we ever knew—that leisure is not merely time off from work, but a positive thing to be used and enjoyed.

It is an opportunity to do things we've not had time to do, to read things we've been wanting to read, to see to the thousand and one things that are always clamouring for attention.

How long is it since you "stayed quiet in a room"? Unless you're afraid of your own company and your own thoughts, it's a habit that should be cultivated.

It's the supreme test of whether you really possess any inner resources or are merely at the mercy of other's whims.

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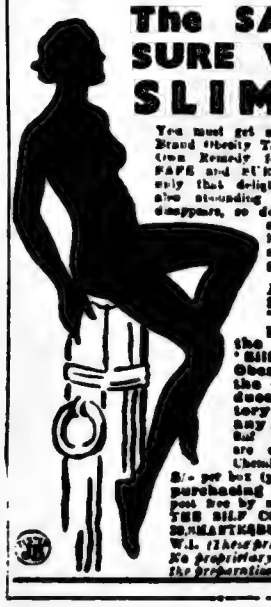

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—Page 3.

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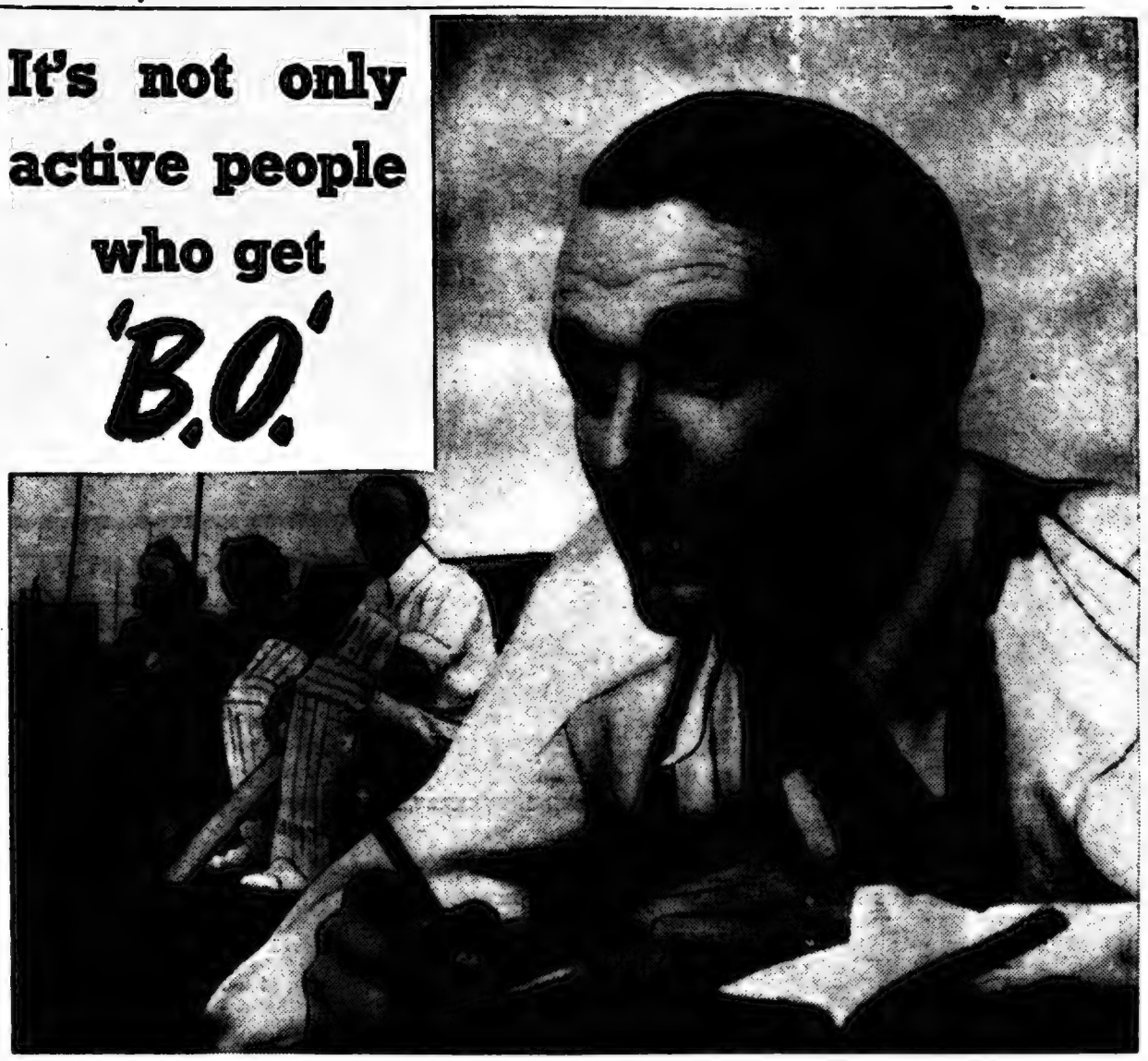

Four! Oh, lovely drive, sir! That's fifty up. Hardly an energetic pursuit, watching cricket; yet all the time you're perspiring.

It's nothing to be ashamed of—we all perspire, as much as a pint and a half every day medical authorities tell us. Some of this perspiration evaporates on reaching the surface of the skin. But you must remove it ALL—and remove it quickly—if you want to prevent what remains from going stale and setting up 'B.O.'

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"My torch reflected the features of the sulky, swarthy cobbler"

MR. BEARD and the BANDIT

Reader's Story

—by John Beard, Villa Cottage, Villa Road, Birmingham 19. The Editor would like to see a reader's story from YOU. Describe one of your adventures in about 1200 words. Write on one side of the paper only, enclose a stamped addressed envelope and—if your story is published—you will get £5 : 5 : 0

"WE English depend on our fists if it comes to a scrap," I told the unshaven young cobbler. And immediately regretted the remark.

No wonder (I thought) foreigners say the English are smug. After all, this Italian had asked whether I was armed only because he wanted to warn me against the bandits.

"Take care, if you sleep alone near the river," he said. "It is a great risk. Even the fists of an Englishman are no match for a sharp knife."

The cobbler—Antonio Donelli was his name—was a likeable fellow. He looked about thirty, was as strong as an ox.

I'd stopped at his shop to have the sole of my shoe mended. It was early evening, and the village, in a sparsely populated part of the Apennines in Northern Italy, was the last I was likely to see before nightfall.

There was only one street worthy of the name—a café or two, a few shops, and nothing else.

As Donelli mended my shoe I answered his questions as best I could. He seemed inquisitive, but I was glad enough to try out my Italian. I told him I was on a walking tour and that, despite his warning, I intended to camp out that night.

AT last the shoe was finished. I pulled out my wallet, handed over a note, and waited while Antonio went round to his neighbour for change.

"Until we meet again," he called as I set off. "Good fortune."

I took the rough mountain path out of the village and came to the rocky, sun-scorched bed of the river that tumbled down from the heights.

Between the track and the river was a fairly wide strip of green bank which looked ideal for my tent. I dumped my pack and sat down.

I must have been resting half an hour when a tramp approached. Though he could easily have gone further up the river, he stopped near me. That was strange. But, stranger still, he took no notice of me. He was a scurvy, unwashed creature, but at least he was company, and, though the cobbler's warning had not worried me, I thought his presence would give a certain security.

I began to unpack and rig up my small tent. By way of opening up conversation, I asked him where he had come from and where he was going.

He told me he had walked from Rome and was on his way to Milan, where he hoped to pick up a job. He said he was thinking of staying the night in the village.

"Perhaps they have a hostel down there," he said.

I could not decently sit in front of him eating all the food I had bought in the village, so I invited him to share the meal with me.

He did—ravenously.

During the meal he told me his name was Giacomo Ricorda. That was about all he did tell me about himself, but when he'd finished he thanked me warmly enough, said he hoped one day he might be able to repay me. Then he went off.

Darkness came soon after that and I turned in. Tired and content, I was soon lulled to sleep by the gurgling stream.

It was some hours later when I awakened suddenly. My sub-conscious mind sensed danger. I heard a fumbling sound.

Someone was trying to open the tent door laces.

I could hear his breathing.

For a moment terror paralysed me. My wallet was full. I had no weapon. The cobbler's warning flashed across my mind—"Fists are no good against a sharp knife."

The intruder by now had discovered that he was at the wrong end of the tent. He was creeping round to the front. He was at the flaps undoing the tapes. . . .

IT must be the tramp I had befriended! He would have his knife between his teeth. . . .

My number was up!

But I sprang to my feet, determined to resist to the end. I was ready to fling myself on the bandit when there was a sudden tearing sound. I switched on my torch.

The top of the tent tilted over as someone was thrown against it. There was a scuffle and voices swearing hoarsely. As I scrambled out of the bedraggled tent I saw three figures struggling fiercely on the ground.

The one on top shouted: "All over. You're safe now, Mr. Englishman."

His voice was familiar and I turned my torch on him.

"Giacomo Ricorda—the tramp!" I exclaimed.

"Excuse me!" he laughed, "Giacomo Ricorda if you please. But a detective, not a tramp!"

The prisoner was by this time handcuffed and his feet were tied together. So far I had not seen his face.

"It was fortunate that I saw you camp here and my friend Vittorio, the police officer, saw you in the village. You talked to Antonio too much," said Giacomo.

He held up the head of the fettered man. My torch reflected the features of the sulky, swarthy cobbler Antonio Donelli.

"We've had our eyes on him for some time," said the detective. "This is not the first time he has been up to his tricks. But thank you for having tempted him!"

"Tempted him?"

"You said you were unarmed. He saw your wallet, I expect. He thought one Englishman more or less does not matter. Look at this!"

He held up something that gleamed brightly in the light of my torch. It was a long, thin, murderous blade of steel.

Probably I owe my life to those two policemen. They laughed about it, but next day I was fined two shillings for camping near the village without permission.

"Until we meet again. Good fortune," laughed Giacomo as he gave me a receipt.

But we did not meet again that way. I preferred to take no more risks camping out.

Holiday-makers everywhere are reading "Summer Pie," the grand sixpenny holiday annual. Its 100 pages are filled with long, complete stories by famous authors, including Noel Coward, Will Scott, P. C. Wren, Lord Dunsany, Agatha Christie, Sydney Horler, and Clemence Dane.

You'll not have a dull moment with "Summer Pie," and all profits will go to charity.

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A Typical IRVONA Figure of Beauty.

In a month I had put on 28 lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success." "After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight, wobbling lot to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are skinny, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Irvona will give you a strong, healthy figure and increased stamina and physique.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:

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EVERY housewife and cook ought to secure a copy of this very valuable and useful reference book which is offered free by the makers of Stork Margarine. You will learn original ways of cooking eggs, special suggestions for cheese dishes, cereals, new cakes, pastry and puddings, etc., and a special section on health-giving dishes to suit each season. You'll find recipes for all kinds of pastry and how to make them into pies and tarts and puddings. Send for your free copy of this reference book now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 23, or write mentioning "John Bull" to The Stork Company, Dept. B.300, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

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"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

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Amazing experiments recently conducted by scientists prove conclusively that the human brain is like a miniature broadcasting station, that its waves can actually be recorded. Now perfected is an extraordinary receiving set which magnifies these "Brain Waves" billions of times. The September "Armchair Science," now on sale everywhere, tells you all about these incredible discoveries. "Armchair Science" explains in simple, non-technical language the latest discoveries of scientists, engineers and explorers from all over the world. The 100-page September issue contains 29 articles and features, 75 photographs, diagrams and drawings—for 9½pence only! Don't miss: Newspapers by Radio; Flying Hospitals; England's New Crime Laboratory; The Blood Shop; etc., etc. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE — 6D

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

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Competitors' Aid by "Compex"

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to 'Compex,' Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Bullets" Illustrated: Father's Pipe—It's "Wicked"—It's "Sacred"!

Why Cry? —TRY!

I STOPPED entering *Bullets* after receiving no prize for any of these four efforts, although in the opinion of several "Bulleteer" friends they held some merit. Why should I continue?—H. W. M., Leamore, Walsall.

*To be frank, you must remember that neither you nor your friends are as able to decide whether your "Bullets" are prizeworthy as the trained judges who examine all efforts entered. Wouldn't it be a pity to deprive yourself of a pleasant hobby just because a few fancied efforts failed? Let me remind you of a famous winner—*WHY CRY? —TRY!

Encouraging

When I showed a *Bullet* to a friend the other day, I was surprised to hear that the identical words of my effort, linked with another *Example*, had already won a big prize. Would this automatically prevent it from securing an award?—L. H., Bristol.

Originality being called for in the Rules, "Bullets" closely resembling previous winners are naturally not considered prizeworthy.

But it is only on the rarest occasions that you are likely to hit accidentally on an old winner; far from being downhearted, I should take this as encouraging proof that you can construct a sound "Bullet."

Too Much "Dear"

I was surprised not to win anything with my *Bullet*, BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP—TALK OFTEN COSTS DEAR. I think that this shows that, in their rapid scrutiny, the judges are apt to overlook some good efforts.—Mrs. R. W. S., Edinburgh.

I agree that your loser was neat, sensible, and well linked with the Example. But you chose the most obvious contrast suggested by that particular Example, and I have no doubt that it clashed with dozens of others similar.

Take it from me, there is no "rapid scrutiny" such as you mention, but every effort is most carefully judged. Remember that and resolve to do better next time.

Address, Please!

I myself have never had any grouse about the *Bullets* judging, but a friend tells me that as a big prize has come to this little village there can be little prospect of another for some time. Another point he raises is whether it is necessary to keep entering regularly to catch the judge's eye.—D. J., Shirehampton.

Tell your friend another big prize will come to Shirehampton as soon as one of its inhabitants enters a "Bullet" worthy of such distinction.

Regular entry undoubtedly helps entrants to improve the standard of their efforts, but it does not influence the judges in the least. If you will send me your name and full address, I will forward the description of the judging by an ex-Cabinet Minister, as you request.

Why Pint Was "Sunk"

I cannot understand why PUNT was preferred to PINT as answer to the Crossword Clue, "Anglers are occasionally glad to get one at riverside pub." Having recently enjoyed many a pint at riverside inns while on holiday in a punt obtained from a firm of boat hirers, I naturally went for PINT—J. C., Balham.

You did not study the Clue carefully enough. Surely anglers—and others!—are more than occasionally glad to get their riverside pints. Adjudication Committee considered that most, like yourself, get their punts from firms concentrating on hiring boats, but occasionally one may get one from the riverside pub. I am sending you the "Crossword Gazette" in which appeared reasons for this and other winning answers in this particular puzzle.

When Wires Go

Is there any fixed time at which JOHN BULL'S First Prize telegrams are despatched?—Miss E. M. W., Cleethorpes

First Prize telegrams are sent on the Friday before the respective results appear in JOHN BULL, *usually before 1 p.m. But there are times when the good news cannot be despatched until the late afternoon. So any time on Friday, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., the telegraph boy may be on the way to you with his golden envelope.*

Winning Postcards

In a recent issue I invited criticisms of the losing effort, UNDER THE SWASTIKA—SUBSTITUTES "KEEP THEM THERE." The best three were from:

F. Eastwood, "Clifton," Minerva Road, East Cowes; A. Eke, 682, Blackburn Road, Rising Bridge, Accrington; R. Wye, 227, Pall Mall, Leigh-on-Sea.

Prizes have been despatched to these readers.

There is STILL TIME TO SECURE LONG ODDS for the ST. LEGER to be run on Sept. 6th

FULL MARKET PRICES are guaranteed for ST. LEGER commissions postmarked not later than MONDAY, Sept. 4th, or telephoned or telegraphed before noon on TUESDAY, Sept. 5th. Commissions sent after the above times will be executed at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns (as desired).

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Race with "Silver Ring"

Doncaster's Big Business

FOR the majority of people who have only a casual interest in racing, Doncaster is merely the place where the St. Leger is run.

Their chief concern with next week's celebration on the historic Town Moor is whether Blue Peter will be able to beat the French "horse of a century," Pharis II.

But for those whose livelihood depends on the thoroughbred, the racing at Doncaster takes second place to the world-famous yearling sales.

During the four days of the meeting, at morning and evening sessions, Messrs. Tattersall will auction some 350 yearlings, bred at the most exclusive studs in the country, and every one of them, on pedigree and looks, can be regarded as a classic winner.

Some of these young thoroughbreds will not please the expert buyers, and they may be sold for a mere song—100 guineas or so.

Others will attract Lord Glanely, Miss Dorothy Paget and other wealthy owners, and the bidding will advance in thousands, until maybe the record of 15,000 guineas, which Miss Paget gave for the colt that we now know as Colonel Payne, will be exceeded.

Buying yearlings at Doncaster must surely be the most fascinating game in the world of sport.

It has everything that a good game should have—action, suspense, chance, skill, and the prospect of a rich reward for those who are most skilful or the most lucky.

But Doncaster Sales are also a very serious business. Buyers want good horses, vendors want good prices. Before the two of them are satisfied, upwards of a quarter of a million sterling must change hands.

Taking a long view, money spent in buying thoroughbred horses is pretty well invested. The risks may be a little greater than in most business enterprises, but there are very many people who have made more profit from skilful—or lucky—Doncaster purchases than they would have done had they bought "gilt-edged" stock.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, August 31, to Wednesday, September 6.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

GZUS98 would read FLYON.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 9694Z2DK98 would read BELLMAN.

NEURITIS

Fit again after 10 years!

Away back in 1929 a Ruddington (Notts) man, Mr. G. E. S., suffered a severe illness which left him with a legacy of Neuritis. "Neuritis got me," he reports, "so that I could not lift my arms." Even when the dreadful pain quietened down between attacks, a distressing "pins and needles" effect remained.

This year, he tried Fynnon Salt for the first time. "I am pleased to say," his letter continues, "that from the first dose I could feel myself improving and the pins-and-needles feeling began to go. I can now do any of the hard work I was used to 10 years ago. I assure you I shall keep to Fynnon."

Fynnon Salt is a powerful remedy not only for Neuritis, but for other forms of Rheumatism. It supplies Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, chief elements of great Spa Waters, which counteract the nerve-torturing acids and poisons and naturally stimulate liver and kidneys so that the system is kept fresh and efficient. In this condition health flourishes and you feel "fit as a fiddle." The dose is simply a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water daily.

Large tins of Fynnon Salt, 1/3 at all Chemists.

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BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies' Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 18/-. 48 cups accrs. 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

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SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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AGENTS Wanted.—Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Choco., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs, etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and particulars.—Eatons (Dept. 23), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

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XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigonia, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

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AGENTS WANTED in EVERY TOWN for "DOX" Self-Polishing Cloths. Dox House, Normandy, Guildford.

CASH Comm. 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free. Xmas Club Agents, etc. Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

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PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also printer. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

FREE Bureau Bookcases for Xmas Club Agents. Big profits, leading lines. Details free.—Write now to Ace Clubs (B.101), Regent St., Shemield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Comm. 2/- to 8/- in £. Gifts all agents. Cash prizes. Free outfits.—Walker & Hannam, Ltd. (Dept. 44), Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the finest collection of Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc., ever offered by the largest organisation of its kind in Britain. Our 1939 book is a world beater. Hundreds of magnificent new designs for private Xmas Cards, Calendars, Engagement Pads, e.g. The book sells the cards, all you have to do is to show it to your friends. We give you the most generous commission terms ever offered, all orders are carriage paid, and in addition we are giving away really valuable gifts. Write now for free descriptive folder and gift book, together with our sample book. This is your chance to earn some real money for Xmas, and it costs you nothing.—Send your name and address now to Firth, Graham & Co., Ltd., D.pt. 53E., Corporation Street, Accrington.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A. BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS desiring a REALLY OUTSTANDING SAMPLE BOOK of Private Christmas Cards with HIGHER COMMISSION and BETTER PRIZES should write at once for the FAMOUS 1939 "VICTORIA" SERIES. A TRULY MARVELLOUS COLLECTION OF DAINTY CARDS, SUPERB CALENDARS and AMUSING NOVELTIES. Published specially for discriminating Agents by BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD SPECIALISTS. Book free. Carr. paid.
JONES, WILLIAMS & CO.,
Dept. 63,
VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

A BABY could sell our wonderful Xmas Cards, why not you? The largest and oldest firm of its kind in the country wants men and women agents to sell their wonderful selection of Private Greeting Cards, Calendars, etc. We are offering THE MOST AMAZINGLY GENEROUS COMMISSION TERMS THAT HAVE EVER BEEN KNOWN, and all orders are carriage paid to you. In addition there is a wonderful range of really valuable prizes. It's easy to sell our Xmas cards from our new 1939 book. There are pages and pages of beautiful new designs, classic and distinctive, novelty cards, topical cards, calendars, diaries, engagement pads, animal studies, in fact something to suit everyone. You only need to show our book and the orders will be yours. SEND NOW for this magnificent book and for our booklet of illustrated free gifts, together with our folder, which tells you how to sell Xmas cards to your friends. Deal with the largest firm in the trade, who help you to get orders, not only by supplying you with the finest range of samples ever published, but who maintain close contact with you while you are working and give you helpful tips on selling. DO NOT DELAY. Write now for your book to
O. DENTON & CO., LTD.,
Dept. 29G, ACCRINGTON.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. AGENTS WANTED. To bona-fide applicants we offer Free of Charges the "Orient" Sample Book of original and delightful Greeting Cards, Calendars and Novelties. Designs to please every class of buyer. Orders absolutely assured wherever Book is shown. If you really wish to make big money easily you must trade with the largest and most successful manufacturers in the British Isles, who offer you the HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES. HAMILTON'S Dept. 16, ORIENT WORKS, BLACKBURN.

A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY to make POTS OF MONEY in your spare time. Britain's LARGEST ART MANUFACTURERS offer you FREE the world-famous "SNOWBALL" book of Calendars and Christmas Cards, containing 20 shares of the loveliest and most thrilling designs ever produced, from 2/- PER DOZEN. Millions of PACKET CARDS, too, from 6d. PER DOZEN. Enrol to-day. Nowhere else can you obtain such amazing value. M.P.A. Dept. 63, Ribblebank Mills, Preston.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers etc.: our postal Courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a skilled key position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, Dept. P.A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 180-p Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services.—Write to-day. The School of Accountancy, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

LARGE AND EASY EARNINGS

FOR XMAS CARD AGENTS

Your spare time from now until Xmas is **worth money** to you. You can easily make pounds a week by just visiting your friends. Yes—it is really and truly as simple as that. You need no experience. No money to put down. Everything is supplied to you free of all charge. All you have to do is to take our magnificent book of private Xmas Cards around to your friends, your office or work, and you can easily pick up orders that will yield you handsome commission and valuable prizes in addition.

THERE'S POUNDS AND POUNDS IN THIS BOOK FOR YOU

Our 1939 book of private Xmas Cards is the finest book that has ever been published in this country. It contains the most magnificent range of Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, Engagement Pads, Blotters, Animal Studies, New Designs, Novelties, topical cards, etc., that you have ever seen. **It's a real winner** and you can't fail to get orders from it. Get it now while you can. Our agents' list is rapidly filling up, but there is still time for you.

Become an agent for Firth Graham, and work with one of the largest and oldest established firms in the country, the firm which gives its agents the most generous commission terms ever known, all orders carriage paid and really valuable and handsome prizes in addition.

We help our agents to sell. Our folder tells you how to approach your friends and workmates, it gives you innumerable and valuable hints and during the season we send you bulletins containing more valuable selling hints and practical tips from other successful agents. Firth Graham really help their agents to get orders.

Send now for full particulars and sample book to—

Firth Graham & Co., Ltd., Dept. 53B, Corporation Street, Accrington.

This is your opportunity to earn a substantial sum for Xmas and qualify for a handsome free gift.

FREE

Our magnificent 1939 sample book. Illustrated List of superb prizes and a folder containing valuable selling hints. All yours for filling in and posting this coupon.

POST IT NOW

To Firth Graham & Co., Ltd., Dept. 53B, Corporation Street, Accrington. Please send me Private Xmas Card Sample Book and particulars of commission terms and prizes.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

EMPLOYMENT.

CAREERS FOR BOYS.
OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOYS TO LEARN A TRADE FREE OF COST.—The Regular Army requires about 500 boys for training as Artificers, Armourers, Blacksmiths, Bricklayers, Carpenters and Joiners, Clerks, Electricians, Fitters, Instrument Mechanics, Masons, Painters and Decorators, Surveyors, Tinsmiths and Whitesmiths and Wheelers. Candidates, who must be between the ages of 16 and 18 years 6 months of age, according to trade selected, on 1st January, 1940, will be required to pass an educational examination to be held on 3rd October, 1939. Application to sit at the examination must be lodged with an Army Recruiting Officer not later than 19th September, 1939. Further particulars may be had from any Army Recruiting Office or direct from the War Office (A.G.10a), London, S.W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourself into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from N.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study (to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS).—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

MEN are now accepted for training as ARMOURERS, WIRELESS OPERATORS, FLIGHT MECHANICS and FLIGHT RIGGERS, MEDICAL AIRMEN, EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS, TELEPRINTER OPERATORS, INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS, ELECTRICIANS, MOTOR-BOAT CREW, PHOTOGRAPHERS, etc. Age limits, 17½-35.

There are also vacancies for skilled men in the following trades:—FITTERS, METAL WORKERS, TURNERS, ELECTRICIANS, CARPENTERS, MOTOR DRIVERS, COOKS AND BUTCHERS, CLERKS.

Apply at any Post Office for copy of free booklet or at the R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £2 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 301), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service FREE.—Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply, C.O. (Dept. 472), 235, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year; ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 62, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Rug from 1/- lb.; Chenille 7½d.; Knit from 2d. oz.; Angora 2d. ball. 16-page Rug Guide & samps. free. Please enclose 2d. postage. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Ne./Tyne.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 24, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 11d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 24-28, Csdnor, Derby.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover for free sample of Elasto, the biomedical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

AN instructive 50-page booklet on how Natural Minerals, Vitamins etc. will bring you new health, vigour and strength when you begin to feel nervy and listless, can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.8/5, 128-34, Baker Street, London, W.1. See page 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (101C), Palace Gate, LONDON, W.8.

ACCEPT this FREE double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. J.B.32, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 27.

WIN £3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000

ONE WEEK ONLY NOW LEFT TO POST YOUR ENTRY for GIANT X-WORD PRIZE

ACROSS CLUES

1. It's occasionally difficult to get these on the phone
3. Trainers might possibly advise their men to have one on very cold day
5. Anger
9. There are many cases in which sack could be called this
11. Too strong for some people's taste
16. One could understand poor old farmer grumbling a bit if he had to work in
18. Price of beer may be partly due to imposition of this
19. Crack shot might do quite well in shooting one
22. Maintain
23. Often most unsuitable to choose for a dinner
24. People occasionally go on holiday tour in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Construction may be altered when this is added
2. Metal in forest
4. Is often blown down by strong wind
6. Look out for trouble when one flies off the handle
7. It's sad to learn that poor waif hasn't one
8. A bad one often means irreparable damage to tyre
10. Is not much good unless it fits case well
12. Tramp is not likely to be given very big one
13. Heavy smoker thinks nothing of quickly getting through
14. Great one may well have many associations with ships and the sea
15. You will probably notice dishonest features if you carefully examine cunning swindler's
17. This of famous painting will interest art buyer at auction sale
20. Where one takes the waters
21. One at cards will teach beginner a lot about the way to play

READ THESE RULES—Terms and Conditions on page 27

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, September 8, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, September 9.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 21. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 26, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one-Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

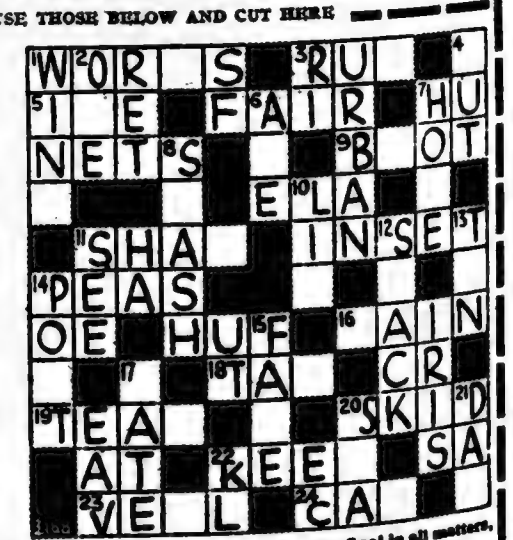
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Closing Postmark—FRI., SEPT. 8

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

TRY THESE **BIG NEW SQUARES** | "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 168. Closing Postmark—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

IF ENTERING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.	In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose
4 SQUARES 1s.	Signed ..... P.O. value .....
	Address ..... No. .....
	..... J.B. Crossword No. 168

£1,750 CASH

IF PREFERRED TO 2-in-1 AWARD

£300 in CASH and RADIO PRIZES for RUNNERS-UP

Type of Radios and amount of Cash making up this £300 award to be decided according to number of Runners-up

UNLIMITED £5 CASH BONUSES — One to EVERY Cash Winner in this Crossword No. 168 who wins any Cash Prize in following Contest No. 169 - ENTER NEXT WEEK, TOO!

BONUS AWARD value £2 — to each Runner-up who submitted 4 or more 6d. ENTRIES (including 2 FREE) or equivalent "Time-Save" Entry.

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 168, and *Bullets* No. 1,187, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, Sept. 9, allowed for such combined entries.

FREE "BULLETS" COUPON WITH ENTRY OF ONLY 1s.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer, ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Address envelope as above for such combined Entries.

APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

For this Special Contest only you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. Other squares appeared last week; for additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 168, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

EXTRA 4 SQUARES—including 2 FREE | "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 168.

FREE SQUARES BELOW ALLOWED WITH ENTRY VALUE 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

..... J.B. Crossword No. 168

NEW HELP for "Crossworders" on page 34

6 Big Cheques Won in X-word No. 166

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 166, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following six competitors:—

J. ADAMS, 107, Colwyn Road, Northampton.
Miss E. BARKER, 45, Lucas Street, Deptford, S.E.8.
Mrs. MURRAY, 7, Dunkeld Road, Perth.
Miss H. B. SMART, 32, Balsusney Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife.
Mrs. M. WADE, 1, Searle Street, Cambridge.
M. WOLFENDEN, 7, Georges Street, Ovenden, Halifax, Yorks.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £260, and a cheque for £43 6s. 8d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 95 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 11s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

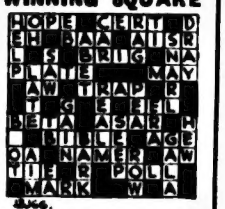
A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 852 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. HOPE. 2. CERT. 4. BAA. 8. BRIG. 9. PLATE. 11. MAY. 12. TRAP. 14. EEL. 21. POLL. 22. MARK.

DOWN.—1. HELP. 3. DRAY. 5. ABET. 6. SNARL. 7. SAW. 10. LATE. 13. GAIN. 15. ERA. 16. BLOT or BOOT. 17. HEW. 18. BARK. 19. GALA. 20. ROW.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BLOT and BOOT were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

CUT ROUND HERE

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE WITH ENTRY THIS

RESERVATION COUPON

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

By enclosing this Reservation Coupon with X-word No. 168 entry, you automatically qualify to receive with any prize won a SUPERB 38-piece Combination TEA and FRUIT SET as a BONUS PRESENTATION—or X-word Season Ticket value £2, as preferred.

Please register me for SIX WEEKS' supply, or extension of supply, of the BLOT-PROOF "CROSSWORD GAZETTE"—also for the BONUS AWARD as offered above. I enclose my entry for X-word No. 168 and have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this Coupon for postage.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If, as a regular reader of the "Gazette," you are applying for extension mark X here ☐

The Last Laugh

Have you a problem that worries you? If so, get it off your mind by writing to "John Bull's" Free Advice Service at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Our expert staff will help you on any point raised. Send your enquiry with a stamped, addressed envelope and we will do the rest. The replies on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

FILM STAR (Kensington).—"Even after I have obliged by signing my autograph, some people are not satisfied." Until you return their fountain-pens?

WENDY (Clapham).—"I've just got a job as an artist's model." Now you're sitting pretty.

MR. G (Wigan).—"I spend hours every night singing in my parlour." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Wigan).—"I have married a very talented man. Even my neighbours say he should go far." See letter above.

STUDENT (Chelsea).—"I've been studying art under one of the most famous painters in the world." He lives in the flat above?

D. G. R. (HIGHGATE).—"I KNOW OF ONLY ONE THING WORSE THAN HAVING TO GET UP ON A BITTERLY COLD MORNING AND RUSH OFF TO THE OFFICE." HAVING TO WORK WHEN YOU GET THERE?

TRAMP (Luton).—"I don't suppose you know what it's like to be really down and out." Yes, we do, but we gave up boxing years ago!

VEGETARIAN (Norbury).—"They always have artificial flowers in the restaurant where I lunch." Perhaps they think you would eat real ones.

R. D. (Wapping).—"There is no connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms." What about Irish stew?

J. G. (Newcastle).—"I am still wearing a suit my tailor made for me six years ago." He refuses to make you another until that one's paid for?

B. M. (Sutton).—"I was on my back in bed when the doctor called. Two hours later I received his bill." That made you sit up?

Miss M. (Stockport).—"The young man I'm telling you about is a real bad egg." From what you state, it seems to us that he is much too fresh.

W. L. (Crewe).—"A machine has been invented that does the work of twelve men." Nevertheless, summonses for jury service still arrive.

DORIS (Tiverton).—"Can you suggest a good retort to make to a strange man who offers a girl a lift?" Tell him you wouldn't know what to do with it if you had one.

D J. (Effingham).—"The accident occurred when I was taking my wife and mother-in-law out for a drive." We're not surprised. Three people can't be in charge of one car.

R. F. (CHATHAM).—"I SEE NO REASON WHY A MAN SHOULD DASH OFF LIKE MAD AS SOON AS THE WHISTLE INDICATES IT IS TIME TO GO HOME." YOU WOULD IF YOU WERE A FOOTBALL REFEREE.

J. McL. (Dundee).—"Children grow up quickly and I am always pleased when people take my laddie to be younger than he really is." Ticket collectors, for instance?

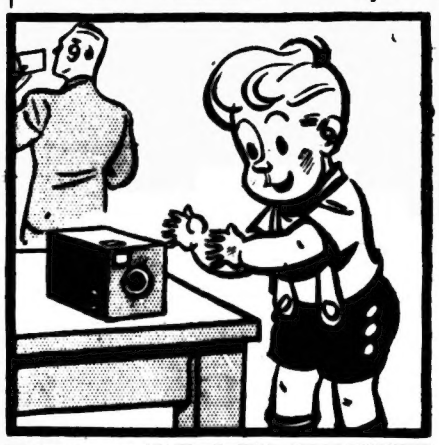
EXPLORER (Harwich).—"You ought to have seen me fighting my way through a veritable forest of palms." We can imagine the scene; we've stayed at that kind of hotel.

S. L. (Berwick).—"The 'Back to the Land' movement doesn't seem to be as popular as it was." Evidently you haven't been one of a sailing party when the sea was choppy.

W. R. (Liverpool).—"I am frightfully poor now, but I am gaining profitable experience, so anticipate that the outcome will be satisfactory." And the income, we hope.

S. McH. (Glasgow).—"I advise anyone who happens to find any banknotes in the street to hand them straight over to the police. Honesty is the best policy." How many did you lose?

T. B. A. (Manchester).—"There is a revival here of the old-fashioned hobby of fret-working." As a by-product, the sawdust should have a ready sale to help mop up the cricket pitch at Old Trafford.



SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"The German population is shortly to be EXCAVATED from it."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"HAILSTORMS as big as walnuts fell for half an hour . . ."

SYDENHAM GAZETTE:—". . . the girl on the pillion gave a distinct signal by extending her left arm FIFTEEN yards."

CAVALCADE:—"On patrol duty at night he never failed to return with a couple of RABBIS, sometimes better game."

EVENING DESPATCH (BIRMINGHAM):—"The DEAFENING forces have at their disposal some 500 fighters."

THE STAMFORD AND RUTLAND NEWS:—"He then hit me on the right side of the LAW."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . she carried a bouquet of cream rosebuds and white WEATHER."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"The flea which carries the plague from RATS to RATES does not bite people."

EVENING ARGUS:—"OVERCROWING on the male side making the adequate nursing a matter of extreme difficulty."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. E——, who is of English-Irish-Scottish descent, DECEIVES a salary of 150 dollars (£30) for each execution he performs."

G. L. B. (Hereford).—"My chemist seems to be a very secretive sort of man." Always bottling things up?

E. M. (Wishaw).—"Can you recommend me to a good broker?" Stock or pawn?

Miss F. (Bath).—"No girl likes to be taken in by a man." But she doesn't mind being taken out.

C. J. (East Coast).—"The local plumber was involved in a serious scandal here recently." He forgot himself?

NATURALIST (Epping).—"Ants are the busiest of all insects." It's extraordinary how they find the time to attend so many picnics.

H. S. (Ventnor).—"I don't know how you can return my articles as you do." It's quite simple; we just drop them in the pillar-box.

F. B. (St. Albans).—"My wife tells all our friends that, if it hadn't been for her, I should never have taken to writing poetry." It's sporting of her to shoulder the blame.

The Kid *by Lees*

G. K. (Croydon).—"I saw a model home the other day." She lives in your district?

S. B. (Luton).—"Last evening I borrowed my neighbour's portable wireless set." What did you want to do? Dance or sleep?

E. R (Raunds).—"What I know about riding a motor-bike would fill a book." But it's what isn't known that fills the hospitals.

PHRENOLOGIST (Hatfield). — "Certain bumps on a man's forehead indicate that he will meet trouble." Or that he has met it.

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"Sometimes chorus-girls are not very good tempered behind the scenes." They show their teeth there, as well?

C. F. (Kendal).—"I want to do some writing. Where do you advise me to start?" Well, the top of the page is as good a place as any.

JOAN (Sheffield).—"I joined a cycling club in the hope of meeting a boy friend. But, though I've been riding two years, I haven't got off yet." You must be very tired.

R. L. (PORTISHEAD).—"IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT A HARE CAN JUMP AS HIGH AS A HORSE?" WELL, IT DEPENDS ON HOW HIGH THE HORSE IS.

Mrs. W. (Yeovil).—"Two years ago I asked my husband to go out and buy a loaf of bread and he hasn't come back yet." In that case we should send out for another loaf.

G. E. (Wembley).—"No one can gain promotion in business unless he works hard. What can the lazy and careless clerk ever expect from his employer?" A week's notice

H. K. (Leamington).—"Please tell me a good cure for corns." Buy a car.

D. W. (Salisbury).—"You can imagine how I felt when my salary was cut down." Cut up?

K. H. (Ealing).—"What can one do to prevent a party falling flat?" Hold him up.

T. L. (Barnby Moor).—"I can think of nothing worse than a wireless crooner singing flat." Surely you're not trying to?

P. V. (Moorgate).—"As the senior clerk at the office, my work is too important for me to be discharged." Be careful. Big guns can be fired.

A. N. (Witney).—"Hedgehogs are good-tempered little creatures." All the same, we shouldn't like to rub one up the wrong way.

W. L. (Windsor).—"From my window I can see a red-faced man with tattooed arms apparently directing the operations of a road-repairing gang." Ah, the pneumatic drill sergeant!

L. S. (Blackpool).—"Man is the only living creature foolish enough to get intoxicated." Nonsense! Sardines get oiled, salmon canned, herrings soused, and glow-worms get lit-up.

LECTURER (Didsbury).—"It's a funny thing, but I invariably begin to feel sleepy after I have been lecturing for about ten minutes." Why not try putting cotton-wool in your ears?

S. M. (DOVER). — "SHE STEPPED OUT OF HER BROKEN-DOWN OLD TWO-SEATER AND, OH! HOW I ADMIRED THE WAY SHE HELD HERSELF AS SHE WALKED!" YOU ADMIRED HER CARRIAGE BUT NOT HER CAR.

W. C. F. (Rugby).—"That First Prize *Bullet* about rainy holidays summed up my experience just nicely; why didn't I think of it?" Don't waste time kicking yourself when you can be shooting for that Life Pension offered opposite.

MRS. L. (Yarmouth).—"My husband arrived back in the early hours clutching a bottle of beer." Probably so that you could not accuse him of coming home with the milk.

CRICKETER (Hove).—"What great effort and nervous tension are required for a batsman to get than one run that turns 99 into a century." We can usually manage the one run all right. It's the 99 that bother us!

"BULLETS" 1,183 RESULT

(*Continued from page 39*)

£3: A. J. R. CARTWRIGHT, 7, Wragby Road, Lincoln.
In Life's Evening—Feeling. After Lively Evening!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. ADAMS, 50, Grand Avenue, Lancing, Sussex. What Happiness Means—Pots? Yachts? Plot, Cot!

A. E. FIREBRACE, 10, Northernhay Place, Exeter, Devon. Now Auntie's In Uniform—"Movement" Aided—Movement Feared!

S. FRANCIS, 275, Manchester Road, Audenshaw, Manchester. Man I Could Murder—Too Tight To Toot.

P. GEE, 4, Dargie Road, Sale, Manchester. Grandpa's Shortsighted, But—Leaves Demand Notes Unopened!

W. D. JENKINS, 47, Victoria House, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W. What Motherhood Means—Something Tiny—Something "Big."

Mrs. E. M. MORLEY, 81, Woodlands Avenue, Finchley, London, N. If Only She Loves—My Lad. My Lass.

Mrs. M. L. NORTHCOTT, 9, Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth. Pays Better—Than Insurance Companies. Caution.

W. E. SCHOLEY, 10, Victoria Mount, Woodsley Road, Leeds. Pays Better—Elbow-grease—Not "Elbowing." "Greasing."

H. SLATER, 12, Waterloo Road, Gillingham, Kent. Way Civilisation's Going—Wrong—Wrong Going Strong.

W. H. WILSON, 46, Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool. Man I Could Murder—Compares Man-power—Hasn't Sons!

List of 30 winners of Holiday Awards and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

20/- WEEKLY for LIFE

1ST PRIZE—OR £250 CASH IF PREFERRED

"Bullets" 1st Prize Joy Wire FRIDAY, SEPT. 22

and CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

2ND PRIZE £25 CASH and CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

3RD PRIZE £10 CASH AND CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

100 Thrills AWAIT "JOHN BULL'S" 6 GUESTS

First, Second and Third Prizewinners this week will be invited to enjoy with a companion a glorious Week-end at "John Bull's" expense. Your Week-end Prize, which may be taken in London, at the Seaside, or wherever you wish, will comprise all Fares, Hotel Accommodation and Entertainment for Two.

GO WHERE YOU LIKE WHEN YOU LIKE—FREE!

MANY OTHER AWARDS

£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4
£3	10 of £2·10	
25 OF 10/-		
200 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/-		
THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES		

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POSTMARK SAT., SEPT. 9

HOW TO WIN A "BULLETS" PENSION

A *BULLET* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to construct a successful effort. When she first noticed the *Example*, RUSHING FOR SHELTER, a Liverpool woman thought of A.R.P. When she read later about the anniversary of Bleriot flying the Channel, she reflected how that achievement had led, years later, to the need for A.R.P. shelters. This idea she produced in the simple and telling £25 *Bullet*, RUSHING FOR SHELTER—BECAUSE BLERIOT BRAVED ELEMENTS.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,183rd Contest on this page. Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, September 9.

BULLETS' 1,183 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300:

W. L. JONES, St. Lucy's Lodge, Children's Hospital, Longford, Gloucester.

Example: SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
Bullet: ONE "FORTIFICATION" GERMANY LACKING.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

E. GROOM, 11, Grove Street, Raunds, Northants.

Example: Nice People
Bullet: Abundant As Your Smiles.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. L. V. CLARKE, Winterdene, East Brent, Highbridge, Som.

Example: Time To Halt
Bullet: Lest Whole World "Stripped."

OTHER PRIZES:

Miss M. HARVEY, Ashley Road, Moulton, Northampton.
Time To Stop—"Fumbling." Lest "Paying Quickly."

Mrs. V. J. COLE, Deneholme, North Street, Nailsea, Som.
Golden Harvest—From *Dropping* Fortnight's "Reaping."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. D. REID, 21, Thomson Street, Clydebank.
Pioneers Of Democracy—Found "Strength Through *Suffering*."

Miss C. M. TRICKITT, 77, Houghton Road, Grantham.
All He Left "Sticks"—Life "Beat" Him.

Miss E. A. BARNES, 59, Waterloo Road, Peterborough.
Trouble In Store—Where Profiteering "Rats" Multiplying.

Mrs. G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Had I Could Murder—Crabs Idea—Cribs Idea.

(Continued on page 38)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S TEAM
VOTES
DAD TRIED POOLS, BUT
ACCORDING TO THE PROPHETS
STRONGER THAN EVER
SHE SAID "YES," SO
SURPRISE FOR THE FIREMAN
TOUGH CUSTOMER
SANDY PAID AND
HOPES AND FEARS
ON TOP
BABY SMILED AND
SPOILT THE BLACK-OUT
ON MONDAY MORNING
JOB FOR EPSTEIN
INHUMAN
LESSON FOR FATHER
DOWN CAME OUR M.P. AND
DOCTOR GOEBBELS
AFRAID OF THE FUTURE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

DAWN OF .....
UNTIL ..... COMES
..... OF EMPIRE
GERMANY'S .....
WAY TO .....
RICH MAN'S .....

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

Enclosed TWO or more paid (or Postal Orders for Bullets No. 1,187, all bearing name and address, attached to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,187 and Crossword No. 168, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, September 9.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,187, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 9.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 9.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,187) | Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 9.

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FOR THE BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES AND HEART

Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing power of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."

"My Doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from Phlebitis."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."

"Thrombosis gone, legs better, and less swelling."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"For seven years my leg has been running from four varicose ulcers, and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved, due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."

"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel better in my general health." Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood*. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

(Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.)

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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.....

.....

J.B. No. 2939.

Elasto will save you pounds!

F.11 J.B.1.87 74*

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